

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
NOV 12 1886
22477
CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

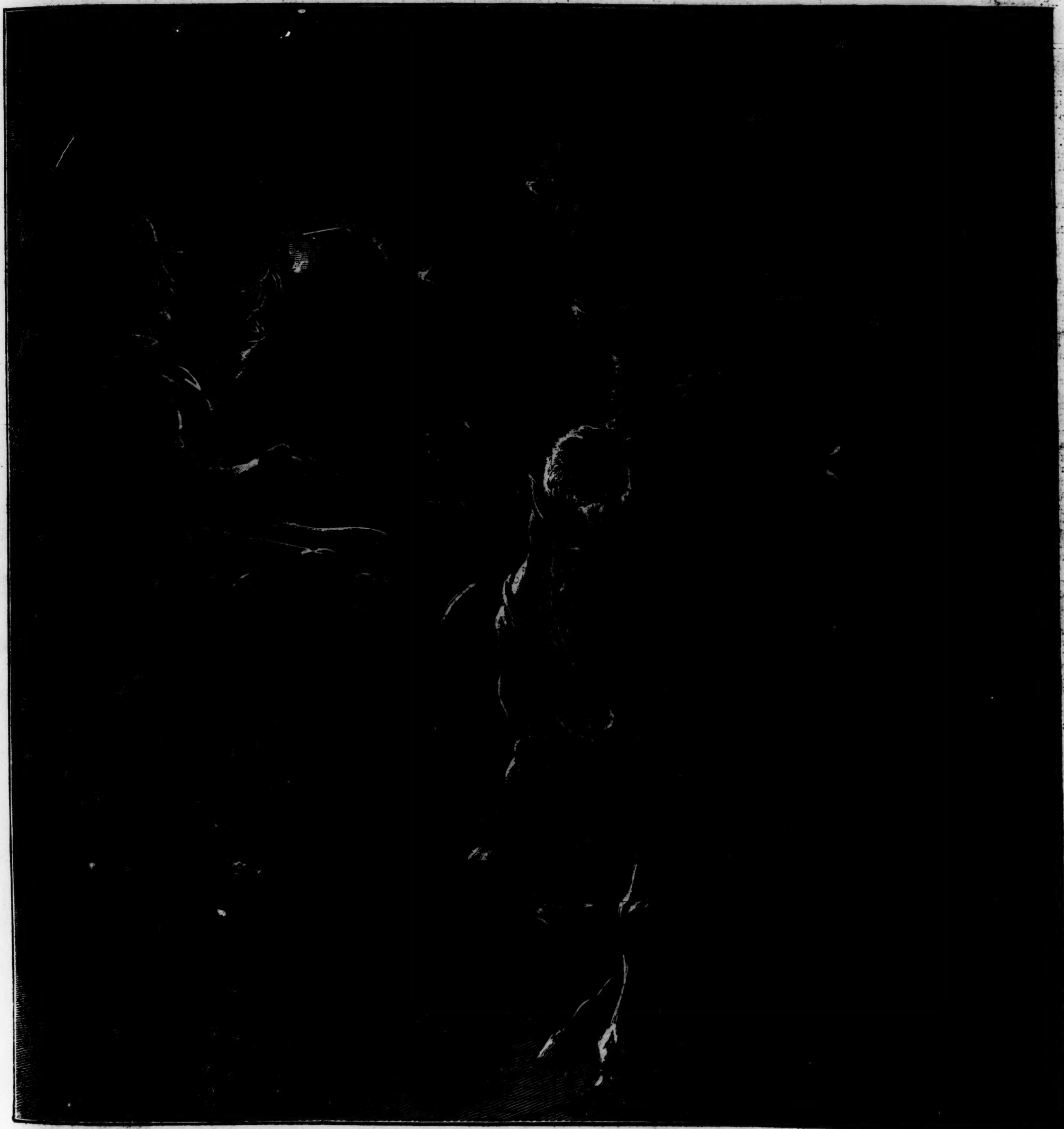
THE LEADING
ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1886, by RICHARD K. FOX PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

VOLUME XLIX—No. 479.
Price Ten Cents.



TWO FEMALE HIGHWAYMEN.

THE EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE ALLEGED AGAINST MRS. SCOVILLE AND MISS DUNN OF ONEIDA COUNTY, BY
FARMER HUGH DORRITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

DONOVAN'S JUMP.

In another part of this paper will be found an account of Laurence Donovan's tremendous jump from an elevation on the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, 200 feet above the river level. As will be observed, the daring athlete sustained only trifling injuries and will soon be about again to receive all the admiration and applause for his wonderful feat.

In some of our esteemed contemporaries we observe a disposition to accuse Richard K. Fox of the great crime of "inspiring" Donovan to risk his life. There are, no doubt, a great many worthy persons who regard the feat as a fearfully sinful one and sincerely denounce the men they believe guilty of "putting up" the scheme.

As a matter of fact, however, Richard K. Fox, while always anxious to recognize and reward courage or skill in athletic pursuits, has never, in any way, shape or form, persuaded or attempted to persuade anybody to risk his life or limb in the performance of any act of strength or daring. As a proof of this fact it is only necessary to remind our readers that when Richard K. Fox was entreated to back poor Odium in jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge he declined emphatically to be a party to the act.

When, however, Donovan made his marvelous and gallant spring from the Brooklyn Bridge, entirely at his own hazard and on his own responsibility, Richard K. Fox was prompt to recognize the feat as having been performed by one of his own employees and bestowed several tokens of his appreciation upon him. He also found an engagement for him in a museum, which Donovan afterward declined to fulfill.

When Donovan made up his mind to leap from Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, he communicated his purpose to Mr. Drew, one of the editors of the Buffalo Daily News, who telegraphed Richard K. Fox as follows:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1886.

Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, New York:
Larry Donovan intends jumping over Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge. He says you didn't pay him completely, and if you send certified check to me on compromise, he'll not let Boston people have credit they're trying to get.

EDWARD W. DREW.

On receiving the above printed dispatch, Richard K. Fox promptly answered it as follows:

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1886.

Edward W. Drew, Box 255, Buffalo, N. Y.
Would not encourage "Donovan" in a suicidal act. Treated him liberally when he jumped from Brooklyn Bridge, signed,

RICHARD K. FOX.

It will be seen, therefore, that while Richard K. Fox has been glad to show his appreciation of Donovan's nerve, and has given him substantial proofs of the same, he has never, at any time, or in any manner, "inspired" him to attempt the performance of the feat he has just accomplished.

The Atlanta Constitution of Tuesday last gives some figures of interest alike to "dry" and "wet" advocates:

"We compared the drunks of Sunday and Saturday, just passed, with those of the same period of 1884 and 1885," said Mr. Buchanan, the station-house keeper, last night. "Now let's compare them to-day."

The books of 1886 showed that for the Monday following the last Sunday in October there were eleven drunks. In other words, eleven drunks were booked at police headquarters yesterday. For the same period in 1885 five cases were booked, while in 1884 seven drunks were registered.

SAM SMALL, the revivalist, has been sued by a Cincinnati firm for \$330 worth of jewelry. Besides this, Mr. Small is said to have bought diamonds of this same house to the amount of \$700. He is to be congratulated. As an Atlanta reporter he possessed probably a humble line of jewelry, but since his partnership with Evangelist Jones he has prospered. There is not the slightest objection to jewelry to those who can afford it, and diamonds are often alluded to in scripture.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Nat Goodwin's Vanishing Boy trick in "Little Jack Sheppard" knocks the Vanishing Lady higher than a cocked hat. He places a boy on a table in the center of the stage, covers him with a basket, picks up the basket and finds the boy standing in the front door of the Bijou. "That's all."

Manager Maguire has started a novel way of advertising Myra Goodwin in "Sis." Every commercial traveler is admitted free to the show, and in turn the knights of the sample case are asked to speak kindly of Miss Goodwin's performance wherever they go. Mr. Maguire has already 8,610 of them "working up" the show all over the country. This beats Harry Sargeant, the Minnie Maddern literary bureau, and Wilson Barrett's phenomenal press agent all rolled into one.

The charge has often been made that theatrical affairs were carried on with a carelessness and haste incompatible with strict business, and reform in that particular has long been demanded. That long-headed and thoughtful men are getting into the profession is shown by the following notice, which is called on the star dressing room door of a theatre not far from Chicago: "In case of fire do not forget to catch the leading lady by the arm, and not her hair, to save her. The hair belongs to the properties of the theatre, and is covered with insurance. The actress is not."

Marie Bates, of the "White Slave" company, was one season the soubrette at Old Woods' theatre, Cincinnati, and was a big favorite. Her impersonation of the old darky woman in the "White Slave" is immense.

Pauline Hall is playing "Erminie" with success in Philadelphia. The Ohio girls manage to stick to the top round of the ladder every time.

Nat Goodwin told a very good story at the breakfast given by Mr. Marshall P. Wilder to Wilson Barrett the other day. The incident occurred during his western barn-storming days. One night, after a performance in Denver he stayed up late with "the boys" and did the town. At 2 A. M. he returned to his hotel, and told the night clerk that no matter how soundly he was sleeping, he must be awakened at 5 o'clock, in time to catch the train for Leadville, as otherwise he could not get there in time for the performance. "All right, sir," said the clerk, who was also the porter, "I'll be waked." Then he tumbled into bed. At 5 o'clock after three hours' sleep, came a terrific pounding at his door. "Who's there?" yelled Nat, as he jumped up. "Are you the gentleman what wanted to be called at 5 o'clock?" "Yes; all right." "Well go back to sleep again; the train's gone."

Fay Templeton has been ill in London, Howell Osborne denies again that she is his wife. He entertained Olga Brandon and others at a dinner party recently. "Here's a pretty how d'ye do!"

It is said that one day recently Manager Hill directed all the stage hands who are required by "Romeo and Juliet" to wear a sort of tennis shoe with rubber soles to prevent noise being made behind the scenes. Or, as he pleasantly put it: "It's a shame, boys, to wear out your own shoes in my service. Go and get measured for a pair of rubber-soled ones and I will foot the bill."

Tony Pastor is home again. He opened his theatre in New York with his own company last Monday evening. Dan Sully will not have the house again next summer.

A few more seasons of failures and we shall get the stock system, a return to which will be heartily welcomed by both actor and manager alike.

Howard Paul has presented Mary H. Fiske, the brilliant and big-hearted Giddy Gusher of the New York Mirror, with a superb set of corals that were formerly worn by his accomplished wife. The set consists of a necklace, two pairs of earrings, cuff buttons and hair ornaments. Mrs. Fiske was also enriched last week by a large library of standard books, bequeathed her by an old friend.

Tony Hart says he has at last secured a play that he won't be ashamed to ask his friends to come and see. His professional prospects have never been so bright since he severed his connection with Mr. Harrigan, to which all of his friends say amen!

Bob Mantell says the newspaper stories about the bushels of notes he receives from impressionable females are all untrue. He says he rarely if ever receives notes from women, and then they come from a class that no gentleman wants to receive letters from. Ladies will, of course, never send missives to actors with whom they are not acquainted. Mantell, by the way, is a Scotchman, and wears a yellow toupee to patch a bald spot on the top of his yellow head.

Boston pronounces Wilson Barrett's Hamlet: "perfectly sublime." Now, if Ophelia would only wear eye-glasses, the triumph of the company would be complete.

Daniel in his sprightly Newsletter says very justly: Millionaires who go in for putting in large sums of money for the purpose of erecting theatres are probably carried away by the visions of possible fun they may get out of their investment. Ballet girls are sometimes plump and pleasing, particularly when they are in skin tights. There is no easier key to the green room than a director's badge in one of these monster amusement enterprises, and I suppose some of my very rich friends in Chicago have that fact very properly in mind. The new Chicago scheme will probably come to something.

John Hooley, Jr., while acting as advance agent of Hoyt's "Rag Baby" company, committed suicide in Olean, N. Y., on Tuesday. He had been under the weather, so to speak, for some time past, and it has been an open secret that his mind was a little off its balance. It appears that the night before he killed himself he made a terrible noise in his room, and aroused all the inmates of the hotel. He barricaded himself in his room and then cried for help. When assistance came he shouted through the transom that

somebody was in the room trying to kill him, but he allowed no one to get into the apartment to his assistance. Finally he quieted down and went to sleep. When he came down in the morning he laughed the matter off by saying that he was troubled with indigestion. In the afternoon he killed himself.

John Hooley was a popular young man. He was a nephew of Richard Hooley, of Chicago, and for quite a number of years occupied the responsible position of treasurer in the box office of Hooley's theatre in that city. This was during the temporary *Eol Scell* reign of Dr. Quinlan. At any rate young Hooley always had plenty of friends, and I feel sure that the news of his untimely death will be received with much regret wherever he is known.

His funeral, in Brooklyn, was one of the largest remembered in theatrical circles.

Everybody has heard of Neil Burgess, who is one of the greatest character-comedians ever seen in this country. He is to be at Harris' museum this week, and will appear as Mrs. Puffy in the excruciatingly funny play called "Vim." He created the famous character of *Widow Beddell*, and played it for several seasons. His new character is funnier still, and has made a greater hit. In addition to the fun in the play he introduces a circus scene, in which Mrs. Puffy does a bareback equestrian act on a real live horse. It is one of the cleverest acts ever invented. While the entertainment is funny, it is perfectly clean and entirely free from anything of an objectionable character.

George Fawcett Rowe, the actor author, tells a good story on himself in the clubs. Summoned to the door of his lodging when partially dressed, he slipped on his trousers, vest and coat. The message he received was urgent, and he hastily donned his shirt and collar; missed his vest containing his watch and loose change; called on Captain Williams and notified him of the robbery. All that day he was excited over his loss; the watch was a souvenir of his early days in Australia, and highly valued for this reason. The detective could get no clue, and that night Rowe retired to his lodging; satisfied he would never see his watch or his figured vest again. Imagine his joy as well as chagrin on removing his shirt to find that, in his hurry in dressing, he had slipped his shirt on over the vest he had donned to protect his manly chest from the draughts of the open door.

A new ballet girl was engaged for the latest Opera at the Casino, and given a suit of tights to wear on her first appearance. When she emerged from the dressing room Ed. Aronson noticed that she wore glasses, and said: "You are going to take off them spectacles, ain't you?" "No, sir," she said, very emphatically, "I'll not take off another thing."

On Monday, last week, Rosina Vokes was so low that her friends and physicians thought she was dying. There was a touching scene in her bedroom at the Richelieu Hotel, Chicago. She sent for her maid, her husband's servant, and said goodby to them, and she gave her husband her instructions as to her place of burial. She expressed a desire to be buried at Brompton, near London, and exacted a promise from Mr. Clay that he would see that her body was taken over the water. On Tuesday she rallied a little, and at the present writing there seems to be a general feeling of hope that she will recover. Cecil Clay, who is devotedly attached to his wife, looks twenty years older since her illness. "I never saw such a change in a man in my life," remarked one of the company to me, commenting on the matter. "He looks and acts like an old man now."

Edna Courtney and Henry Taylor, of "The Strangers of Paris" company, were married recently in New Orleans. This is Edna's second trial, her first husband being Harry Williams, a Brooklyn manager.

London is licking its chops over Lord Londsdale's plight. It now appears that he dropped the Cameron because he had no money to carry her through. Strikes at his mines and refusals of his agricultural tenants to pay rent have made serious inroads on his income. He is buried in debt, and only the best efforts of the trustees of his estates save them from being covered with execrations. He has sold his stud of hunters, and Lady Londsdale has found it the better part of economy to give up her splendid establishment in London and go to live with her brother. Nobody for a moment believes that Londsdale will ever return to America, on theatrical business at least.

It is said that W. A. Mestayer has gone into a rather novel scheme for investing his surplus cash. It is neither more nor less than the buying up of all the choice staterooms on the best of the fast vessels running between New York and Liverpool next spring. It wouldn't amount to much in ordinary times, but the American Exhibition in London next summer will draw swarms of Yankees to Europe. As a matter of fact, there is already a lively rush for accommodations. Mestayer has already invested \$20,000 in this direction. His partner in the affair is young Mr. Low, who is to have the handling of the tickets. The plan is to advance prices over the regular fare, and pocket the difference.

Miss Flora Walsh, the young lady who made such a success with Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" company, in the character of *Loftis Chisold*, is only sixteen years old, and her work on the stage has been forced to such an extent that her health is completely broken down, and her friends are seriously alarmed that she will drift into galloping consumption.

Because Mme. Gerster has been seen in public wearing a costume in which the predominant colors were Prussian blue and crimson, the Parisians have come to the conclusion that her mind has been affected by her recent illness.

The circuses are being housed for the winter. The red lemonade which is left over will be given to the elephants to bathe in. This will make it stronger for next season's use.

Miss Georgia Cayvan is said to have looked lovely in breeches in Rochester's "Daughter of Ireland," the audience being duly impressed by her clipper-built figure.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

An Unknown Steamer Lost.

On another page will be found an illustration of the sinking of the mysterious steamer which foundered off New Haven, Nov. 7, and was mistaken by the spectators for the revenue cutter Manhattan.

Tried to Shoot Her Betrayer.

A trial that will undoubtedly attract much attention has opened in the local courts. Henry Horn, a well-known society man, will be placed on trial to answer a serious charge. For some time past he had been keeping company with Miss Mary Fitzwilliams, an estimable young lady at Washington, Pa. She is a tall brunette of twenty years and very handsome. Some days since Horn called on her while she was alone in the house and, it is alleged, brutally assaulted her. He was arrested and gave bonds in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance. The young girl could not brook the law's delay, but on Friday week armed herself with a revolver and started out to find Horn. Meeting him on Franklin street she raised the weapon and fired. The ball passed under his left arm and he escaped injury. She was arrested and gave bail in the sum of \$1,000. The other day she received a letter from Miss Kittle Reed, of Sharpsville, who claims that a few years ago she tried to kill Horn with a revolver for having accomplished her ruin. She will appear in court and testify against her betrayer.

An Exciting Contest.

We illustrate, this week, one of the most interesting races ever run in the Northwest. It took place in F. J. Claxton's Star Rink, Calgary, Alberta, N. W. Territory, on Oct. 21. The entries were two white men and two Indians—George Irwin, old-time runner; J. W. Stokes, champion long distance runner from Birmingham, England; Bad Dried-meat Man, champion long distance runner of the Northwest, and Deerfoot, champion five-mile runner from the camp of the Blackfeet. The men got off at 9 P. M., amid the wildest excitement; betting, \$100 to \$2,500 on Deerfoot. Irwin took the lead for the first quarter, but Deerfoot passed him and kept there, although they had several spurts for the lead; sometimes Irwin would have it and again Deerfoot would have it. This only lasted for the first three miles: then Stokes came up, and the race was between him and Deerfoot; Irwin and Dried-meat Man falling behind. Deerfoot kept the lead to the finish, beating Stokes by half a gap, Bad Dried-meat Man third, Irwin fourth. Time, 27 minutes and 20 seconds. Irwin did not intend to finish; he merely entered to fill up the race. He is our best sporting man in the Northwest. His home is in Brandon, Manitoba. He is the owner of the following running horses: Lucy B, Peora, Little Brown Jug, Grayhound, Dispatch and Satan. He has been in our town thirty days, and his horses and himself has run thirty-two races. On the night previous to the ten-mile race he ran Stokes five miles, giving him 100 yards at the finish, and beat him about ten yards. Time, 24 minutes and 27 seconds.

Donovan's Drop at Niagara.

Lawrence M. Donovan dropped from the new suspension bridge into the Niagara river, a distance of 195 feet, at seven o'clock the morning of Nov. 7 for a wager of \$300. The weather was cool and clear, the ground and bridge covered with snow. He selected the centre of the bridge for his feat. He swung himself over the side and dropped, with all his clothes and boots on, into the depths below. He went down straight as an arrow, striking feet first, making a heavy splash in the water. As soon as he reappeared he was picked up by Drew and Haley—who had accompanied him from Buffalo, and who were in a small rowboat.

He is at the Broezeel House with a broken rib, and is attended by Drs. Palmer and Clark. In an interview regarding the feat he says: "They say the bridge is 195 feet high, and after they took me out of the water I found out that the water is lower now than it ever was, and the distance from the bridge must be 215 feet. It was a terrible jump, and I wouldn't make it again for the whole United States. We drove on the bridge about a quarter to seven o'clock, I guess it was. We had to wake up the man at the gate and get him to unlock it for us, and I was afraid he would be suspicious and stop us. When we got to the place that I picked out last Sunday we stopped the horse and got out. It was on the Canada end of the bridge, but pretty near the middle of the river.

"I took off a rubber coat I had on, and then I was all ready. I had on my jumping suit, the same I jumped from the Brooklyn bridge in. My pants were tied tight around my legs with twine to keep the water from getting in, and I had my coat unbuttoned, so that if it bothered me in the water I could get out of it easily. I'm sorry for that now, for if the coat had not spread out in the air as I was going down I would have struck the water square, and wouldn't have broken my rib. Prof. Haley says it wanted three minutes of 7 o'clock when I jumped. He had his watch in one hand and a pistol in the other when I climbed up on the rail and balanced myself with one hand. I was facing the rapids. All the bridge guy ropes are on the other side, and I did not want to get tangled up in them. I couldn't see the boat from where I was, and when Mr. Haley asked me if I was all ready I said, 'Is the boat there?' 'She's there all right,' said he, and I told him to 'Let her go.'

"He fired the pistol and I stood up straight and jumped a little forward and down. How did I feel? Well, it's hard to tell. I closed my eyes when I jumped, but I opened them right away again, but I didn't seem to see anything. My elbows were close to my sides and I kept my feet together. When I struck the water it seemed as though I would burst to pieces. "The shock was terrible, and I kept right on going down till it seemed as if I'd never stop. When I came to the surface I struck out with my arms and legs, but I was dazed and I don't know which way I swam. The current kept carrying me down, but the boat got to me pretty soon. As soon as they pulled me in I spit up a lot of blood, and then I fainted dead away."

The physicians who examined Donovan on his arrival in the city found him suffering from considerable excitement, several bruises and an abrasion on each of his elbows made when he struck the water. The fourth rib on the left side was found to be separated from the breast bone, and was at once bandaged. Both physicians express the opinion that the jumper will be around in a couple of days, and that his escape from more serious injuries is a very lucky one.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Parsons has been speaking before immense crowds in different parts of the country in the interest of her convicted husband, the Chicago Anarchist. She has created a furore wherever she has appeared by her charges against the officers of the law who aided in convicting her husband and his associates.

DEAD-ALIVE.

The Condition of a Convict in Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.

"It's tough! It's mighty tough!" exclaimed a young man about thirty years of age. He had a boyish-looking face, and a pair of black eyes snapped beneath two heavy eyebrows. He was dead, however. He had died sixteen years ago. Dead, and still in flesh and blood? Yes, dead. Not deceased, literally speaking, but technically he is defunct. He is a life man in Auburn prison. The law makers of the great State of New York have declared all life convicts legally dead. They cannot hold property, and wives who survive them can marry again without being first divorced. They are as dead, to the law as the occupant of the newly-made grave in the cemetery is to this world of ours. There are entombed behind the walls of Auburn Prison between sixty and seventy life convicts.

As a class they are the best behaved men in the prison. Their resurrection entirely depends upon their good behavior, and they seldom ever violate the rules. There is occasionally a black sheep among them. The straightforward ones, however, have been styled prison policemen by their fellow convicts. They earned their companionship because, as a rule, they are continually on the alert to render some special service to their keepers by reporting convicts who are plotting mischief—to escape, to burn the shops, conspiring to revolt, etc.—thereby hoping to gain their freedom through the Chief Executive of the State, as many of their companions have before them. It is my purpose in this article to tell the living world something about these legally dead men. To begin: William Comstock has served more successive years behind the walls of a prison than any other man living. Comstock was pronounced legally dead twenty-eight years ago. He came from Madison county, and entered the prison Sept. 28, 1858. Comstock was the author of one of the most awful butcheries chronicled in criminal history.

During an attack of delirium tremens he murdered his father and mother and cut out their hearts and roasted and ate them. He was put upon trial for his life, but the jury returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced Sept. 25, and three days later he registered at the prison. Twenty-five years is but one tick of the pendulum that moves eternally's great clock, but to a man in prison it is a long stretch of time. Comstock has worn the striped uniform over a quarter of a century, and the rigor of prison life seems to agree with him. He is well preserved, and enjoys as good health as he did the day the ponderous outer iron gate closed behind him. He has never been under medical treatment, and for a man bordering close on to seventy he is extremely agile. A little above the medium height, straight as an arrow, swarthy features, an eye like an eagle and black hair sprinkled with gray. You have a fair picture of the senior convict of the State of New York. Yes, he is more than that. He is the veteran of the striped army, fed, clothed and housed by the Empire State. Not because of any love for its soldiers, but for the reason that it is deemed a safe place for the guerrillas and bandits of society.

A few facts about Comstock's prison life will be in place. Comstock's number is 9,478, and the number of the last man received is 20,189. Ten thousand seven hundred and eleven men have registered since Comstock, and not one of this large army remains in prison who was there when he came. Convicts have a curious method of reckoning time. Hash is served for breakfast 365 mornings in a year. A plate of hash represents a day. If a convict had served out all his sentence but six months, say, he counts them; he has 182 plates of hash yet to eat. According to this rule, Comstock has eaten 10,220 plates of hash. Comstock takes as active a part in politics as his limited circumstances will permit. He has won and lost heavily on candidates. He won \$300 on Governor Tilden's election. He lost on Robinson's re-election, won again on Governor Cleveland and came even on Governor Hill, having bet on Davenport and afterward hedged. He lost \$200 on Hancock, but made it up on Cleveland and \$70 more. For nearly twenty years Comstock has been attached to the laundry department. His business is to gather and distribute shirts to the 1,000 convicts. This indispensable article of underwear is trundled about in large numbers in a two wheeled cart. They are changed once each week. Comstock's position gives him free intercourse with his fellows,

but he has never been known to abuse a privilege. He is a very trusty man and has never been punished or even reprimanded during his twenty-eight years of prison life. His case has been before every Governor for pardon since Fenton's time. The unfortunate man lives in hope that there is life for him beyond his legal grave and that some day he will again be a free man.

Patrick Brady has an interesting life. He was sentenced to Clinton Prison in 1853. Four years later, while working in the iron mines, himself and several others made a break for liberty. They were pursued by a guard named Wright, and they turned on him and killed him. One of the escaping party throwing a heavy iron bolt which struck him in a vital part killing him instantly. All of the men were captured. Brady and one named Sewell were tried and condemned to death on the evidence of three of the party who were engaged in the escape, and who were afterward pardoned. Brady has always maintained his innocence. Sewell, however, admitted his guilt, and insisted that he alone threw the missile that killed Wright. It is charged that the prisoners were denied the right of challenging the jury who sat in judgment upon their case. The law at that time was that a man sentenced to death should first serve ten years in State Prison and be executed at the expiration of that time. His sentence was finally commuted to life imprisonment. The officers at Clinton Prison always held that Brady was guiltless of the crime. Miss Linda Gilbert and counsel, Gen. Fober, of England, have tried to have him pardoned. Application was made to Gov. Cleveland, and Brady was denied.

Several years after his first effort Brady succeeded in escaping, and went as far as Chicago. To tantalize the prison officials, he sent them his photograph. This little incident led to his recapture. Sewell died in prison. Criminals have a wholesome fear of Clinton Prison. This institution is located in Dannemora, Clinton County, a small village in the northern part of the State. The prison and town are situated near a vast wilderness, hundreds of miles away from the main arteries of travel that cross the interior of the State. Once located in this out-of-the-way place, they are not accessible to friends and relatives, who seldom visit them, on account of the long distance and great expense. Brady having spent over a quarter of a century amid such dreary surroundings, Superintendent Baker humanely allowed him to change his abiding place for a far more pleasant one in Auburn. He came to Auburn late last month. Warden Moon, of Clinton Prison, has said: "If talking would get a man out of prison, Brady would have been pardoned long ago, for he has done talking enough to take him through a prison wall 40 feet thick." In point of seniority, Brady is 3 months the junior of Comstock, the last named having been in "active service" since September, 1856, and Brady since December, 1858.

BISHOP BASCOMB'S WIFE.

A Woman Who Brought Disgrace On Her Family By Her Amours With a Negro Slave.

A Lexington (Ky.) correspondent writes: In the Lexington police court, a few days ago, a colored woman had occasion to testify as to one Jim Smith, whom she denominated "her children's father." It turned out that Jim was a white man, who was her husband.

The laws of Kentucky do not sanction miscegenation, but that it exists is apparent to any observant person who walks the streets at Lexington and scans the complexions of the people to be met with. Nor is this wholly due to the fact that the fathers are white.

On the list of indictments now pending in the Fayette Circuit Court is one against a woman named Bascomb. She resides with her children and grand children in a house with several acres of ground attached, at the corner of the avenue leading to the fair grounds, in one of the most respectable portions of Lexington's suburbs. The house is a modest brick, low-roofed, long and roomy, and in its best days was an abode of luxury. On any fine day a number of mulatto children, with peculiar, long, black hair and olive complexions, may be seen playing in the large front yard, sometimes a buxom-looking and still handsome middle-aged woman, of the brunette type, mingling with them, and oftener still an aged and wrinkled old woman sitting at the door looking on, perhaps with a pipe in her mouth, and perhaps not. Few who pass the place know who is the owner of the neglected-looking house and grounds. Some who are attracted by something or another peculiar about it make inquiries concerning the people who live there. When ladies are in the company an evasive reply is given, but the answer comes:

"That is where Mrs. Bascomb lives," the question is immediately put: "What Bascomb?" Well may it be inquired "What Bascomb?" That was an honored name in the Methodist Episcopal church in this country. The memory of Bishop Bascomb still lives with many who recollect his handsome presence, dignified bearing, lofty eloquence, distinguished learning, and sincere piety. His name is inscribed high up among the noble and the worthy in the history of the church. And is that old, wrinkled, meanly clad person the widow of the great Bishop Bascomb? Sad is it to say it, but it is even so. And who are those children? They are her grand-children. And who is that middle-aged woman neatly but poorly dressed, and who might once have been handsome? That is the bishop's daughter. Where is her husband? Working behind the plow, driving somebody's team, or in some other way following the avocation to which he was early trained. What do you mean? Well, to be brief, the father of those children was a slave, owned by their grandfather, and is as black as the ace of spades.

Bishop Bascomb was a man of handsome presence and engaging manners. He was particularly attractive to the other sex. In an evil hour, during a visit to New York, he met a lady who fell deeply in love with him. He reciprocated her love and they were married. He brought her to his Kentucky home. Unfortunately for his peace of mind she was a woman of "isms," and early began to show her contempt for the laws governing modern society, and was open in her denunciation of slavery. The good bishop became president of Transylvania University, and while he wasted his energies to give the institution a great reputation as a seat of learning his usefulness was impaired and his health undermined by the trouble which his wife's vagaries caused him. He pined in silence and died heart broken. His family troubles were known to his church people, who at once set about the task of saving their beloved bishop's name from being dragged in the mire and flit of an unbecomable scandal. The executors of the estate found little except the library and homestead and a few

slaves upon which they could hope to realize much.

They proposed to the widow that she should leave the country and go north well supplied with funds. She refused. They proposed to adopt the daughter and tenderly watch over her Christian training and education. The offer was declined. Nothing was left but to execute the trust and sell the property. Among the slaves was a negro coachman, who was accused of being the cause of all the trouble. He was put up at auction. The bereaved widow bought him. After a while indignant citizens warned the widow and the negro that the latter must leave or sudden death would surely overtake him. Fearful of the outcome of this threat, and dreading a lynching, she sent the negro away. When things cooled down she brought him back. The war came on and set him free. He is the reputed father of Bishop Bascomb's grandchildren.

AN EDITOR'S QUARREL.

It is a rare thing for a Southern editor to seek redress in the law courts against another editor for alleged grievances. Col. John L. Barton, editor of the *Daily Examiner*, a leading paper of Waco, Texas, and the home organ of Senator Coke and Gov.-elect Ross, has just instituted suit against A. H. Belo & Co., proprietors of the *Galveston News*, claiming \$50,000 damages. He also sues Messrs. Berison & Wilson, of Waco, proprietors of the *Waco Alliance Standard*, and R. H. Kingsbury, Jr., claiming \$21,000 damages from them for injury to his reputation. Kingsbury is a leading young lawyer of Waco, and spends a good deal of his time in Washington during the sessions of Congress with Senator Coke. He ardently opposed Hon. Roger Q. Mills for Congress, supporting Dr. Rankin, Prohibition candidate. Kingsbury's temperance zeal led him into a controversy with Col. Barton, resulting in Kingsbury publishing a long article in the *Alliance Standard* wherein he made public two private letters received while in Washington last January from Col. Barton. The two men were then on intimate terms, and Barton, writing on political matters, said to Kingsbury:

MY DEAR BOY:—The bee has crept into my own bonnet. In confidence I tell you about it. I want to be governor of New Mexico, and will come before Mr. Cleveland very strongly recommended.

He then asks Kingsbury to "feel" Hancock, Maxey, Reagan, Throckmorton, and Mills, but tells him not to approach "Little Olin," meaning Congressman Welborn, or Dave Culberson. Kingsbury comments very severely on this letter. The *Galveston News* republished Kingsbury's article and supplemented it with an editorial not very complimentary to Barton or his newspaper. The libel law of Texas is the most stringent of any State in the Union. A newspaper can be sued in every county where it circulates, thus necessitating a live journal keeping a staff of attorneys over the State. Col. Belo's paper was mulcted \$10,000 two years ago by the Supreme Court of Texas for publishing evidence taken before a sub-committee of the legislature. That case would have been laughed out of court up North. Editor Barton's action in seeking to take advantage of a bad law which he strenuously sought to have repealed is attracting a great deal of attention throughout the State.

BROKE FOR LIBERTY.

The State convicts employed by Mason, Ford & Co. at the Greenwood Mines, Somerset, Ky., made a desperate and partially successful attempt to escape early the morning of Nov. 6. Only for Markwood, one of the guards, who displayed splendid courage, the country would be flooded with the thugs and thieves of the Frankfort Penitentiary. The other night they concocted a plot to overpower the guards and make a dash for liberty. After eating breakfast they fled out of their temporary prison and made for the entrance to the mine. All had entered but six of the worst men in the gang. These, instead of entering as usual, wheeled round, dashed the guard, Markwood, to the earth and started down the road to liberty.

Markwood recovered his equanimity in a second, and grabbing his gun held the convicts at bay until the other guard put in an appearance. As soon as relieved he dashed after the six fleeing convicts, who were beginning to scatter in every direction. Two were still together, and after calling in vain for them to halt he fired. Both of them fell, but he did not stop to examine them, but ran on for others. After firing three more shots he brought down another man. The others escaped.

There is much excitement over the matter, and the guards are keeping strict watch, fearing another outbreak. Perry Perkins has captured another convict since the above was written. Two are still at large. One of the convicts is dangerously wounded, being filled with buckshot. The others wounded are not considered dangerous.

ATTEMPTING LYNCHING IN CHICAGO.

William Smith, a negro, arrested last Friday in Chicago on suspicion of being the brute who assaulted and robbed Mrs. Mary Dolan and Miss Nora Moran last Sunday night, near Sixty-first and Hale streets, was taken before the two women for identification. The two women were on the second floor of the house on State street, near Sixty-second. Both identified the negro as their assailant, and while the interview was being held about twenty relatives and friends made a rush for the prisoner, rope in hand, and Sergeant Wright and three officers were obliged to use their clubs freely in order to get away with their prisoner. The prisoner was taken to the county jail, it being thought best to remove him from Hyde Park jail. The two women were brutally beaten by their assailant, and Miss Moran's head is still bandaged.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN'S ESCAPE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While crazed by liquor the night of Oct. 20th Mrs. Mary E. Neagle of 98 Brighton street, Boston, Mass., attempted to jump from a third-story window. Her husband seized her dress, but she dashed toward the window, leaving the greater portion of her dress in her husband's hands, and leaped to the ground. She was found lying in the yard senseless. Two clothes lines stretched about a foot apart broke her fall and saved her life.

ARKANSAS ROBBERS.

The other night at 11 o'clock while County Treasurer Ward, of Des Arc, Ark., was going from his office, a couple of men seized him, threw a coffee sack over his head, beat him badly and took his keys and robbed the office of over \$11,000. He was knocked senseless, and when found his legs were tied together. There is no clue to the robbers.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



We print above the successful Bob Taylor, the Governor-elect of the State of Tennessee, who defeated his brother, Alf, who ran against him on the Republican ticket for the important office. Their novel campaign of fiddling, baby kissing and story telling has already been told by the daily press with considerable detail.

Augustin Neuville.

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Augustin Neuville the youthful comedian now starring in the well-known play, "The Boy Tramp."

Frank D. Bacon.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a portrait of Frank D. Bacon, the New Haven drummer, who committed suicide in the latter city last week under the most sensational circumstances.

Mattie Vickers.

This charming young actress, who has for several seasons amazed and delighted the country with her imitations, and who is now starring in "The Cherub," a new play by E. A. Locke, is portrayed elsewhere.

Two Nebraska Runners.

In this issue we publish portraits of Perry Wilcox and Henry Burman, of Fremont, Nebraska, two famous sprint runners and members of the J. C. Cleveland Hose team, whose record for running 300 yards, laying 300 feet of hose, 4½ seconds, was made at the Nebraska State Tournament, 1885.

Juan Jose Vasquez.

Juan Jose Vasquez, chief of police of Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, is one of the most distinguished police officers on the coast. He formerly served on the forces of Sacramento, San Francisco and San Jose, California. He has served several terms as chief of the force in Nogales, Mexico, and rendered good service. The chief made himself very popular during the recent cutting complications, and by his wise judgment endeared himself to both Mexicans and Americans.

John Joyce.

Joyce is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 195 pounds and stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height. He has fought numerous battles in the ring, is willing to fight any man in the country. Paddy Ryan preferred, for the gate money of any ball, to be divided in the following way: 75 per cent. for the winner and 25 per cent. for the loser, and if Paddy Ryan is not anxious to make a match, Kilrain, Herald, Ashton, Lennon or Pat Dillon can be accommodated by answering through the columns of this paper.

Louis Biera.

Louis Biera is the ex-inspector of customs of this city who shot Hans S. Beattie, the Surveyor of the Port of New York, at the latter's office the other day. The Surveyor had early in September recommended Biera's dismissal on the charge of defrauding an immigrant girl, Marie Mertens. The would-be assassin is an old-timer of seventy-two years of age. He has been known as a political heeler, prize fighter, gambler and sport. It is also alleged that he has done his man before this affair.

Captain John Gully.

Captain John Gully, of the B. T. Haviland Sandy Hook tug, saved two lives at Tebo's pier, foot of Twenty third street, Brooklyn, and a fireman on board his own boat. The presentation of a gold medal and marine glass was made him on account of saving the lives of three people from the schooner Sarah Craig, off Sandy Hook, and diving after the bodies of seven people drowned in her after she capsized. The presentation was made Tuesday, Oct. 19, at Sandy Hook. Government wharf. On exhibition at Theo. Krombach, of Krombach's Hotel, 735 Third avenue, Brooklyn.

Fred Archer.

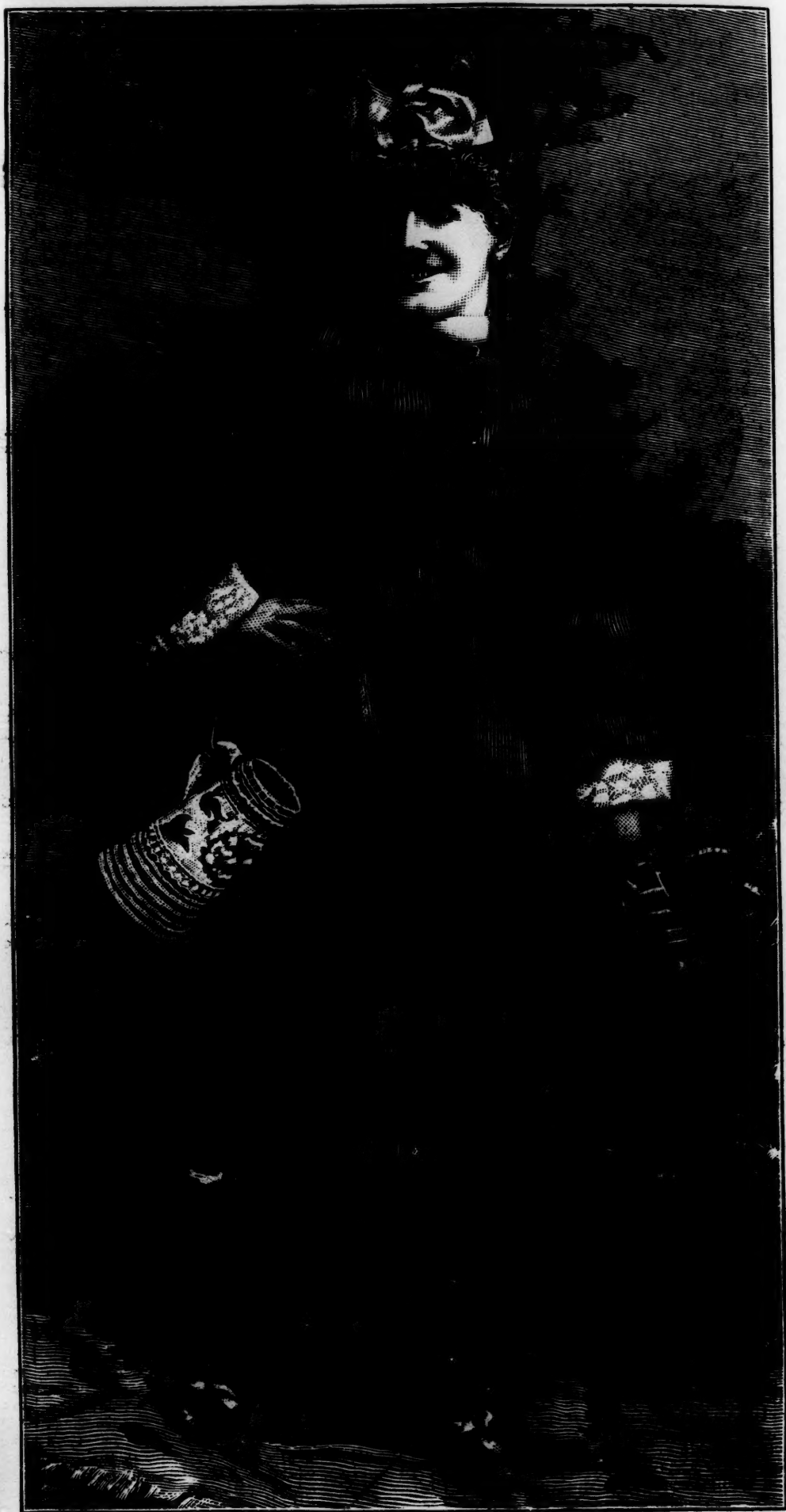
We print in this issue a portrait of Fred Archer, the famous English jockey who shot himself last Monday while in a delirium resulting from a fever. It is said that his illness was typhoid fever. The first symptoms of the disease appeared on Thursday after he had been present at the Lewes races. When it became evident that his illness was likely to be serious he was taken to his sister's house at Newmarket. He grew worse rapidly, and was in a raging fever in the morning. He was left alone for a few minutes, and his attendant, shortly after leaving the sick room, heard two pistol shots. He hurried back and found Archer dying. The jockey had shot himself with a revolver.

The New Yorks had hard luck, and finished third instead of first, but their hard luck is not to be compared to that of the Louisvilles, which is the most marvelous on record.



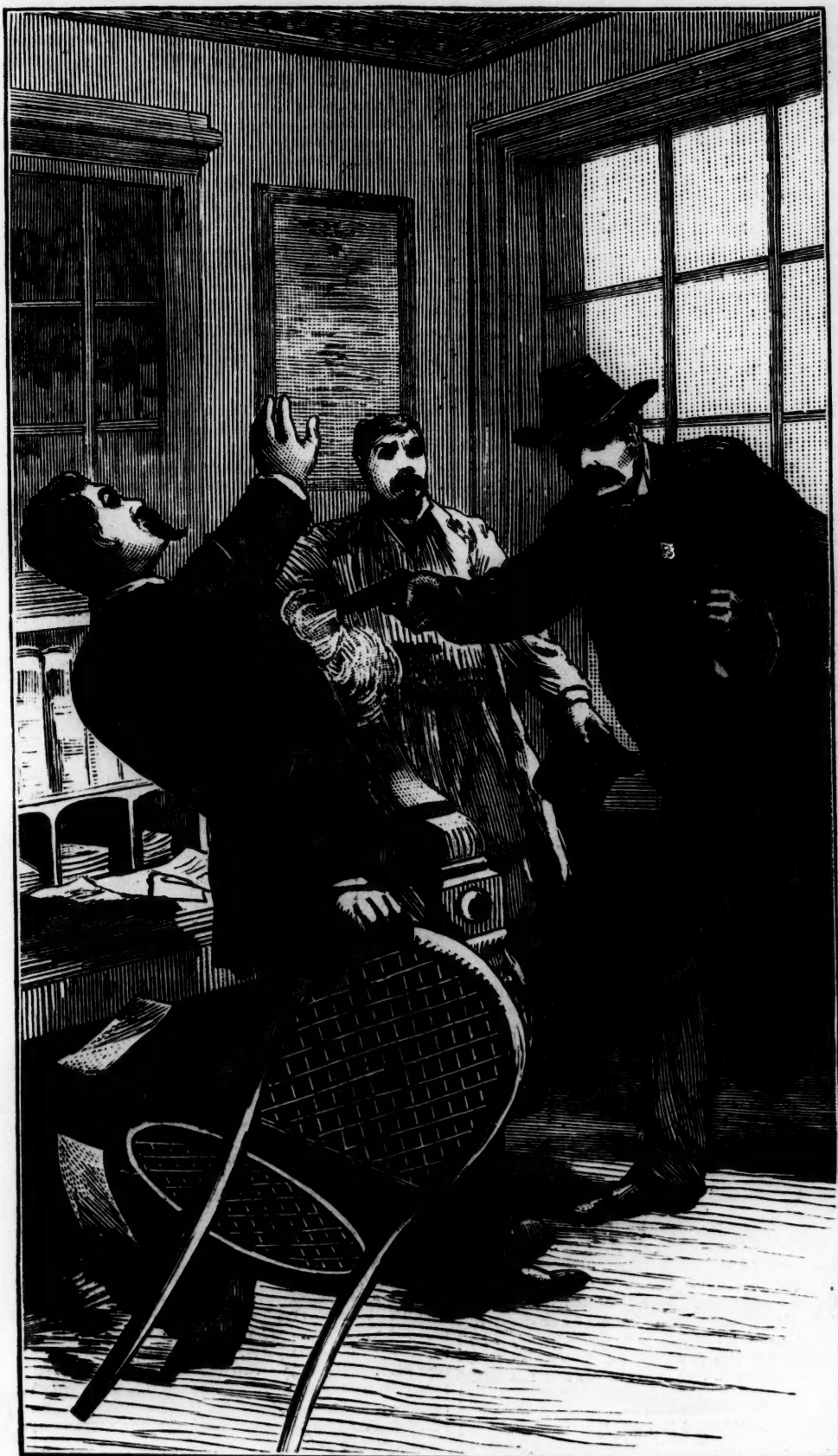
AUGUSTIN NEUVILLE,

THE BRILLIANT YOUNG BOY COMEDIAN NOW STARRING ON THE ROAD



MATTIE VICKERS,

THE CLEVER YOUNG SOUBRETTE AND COMIQUE NOW STARRING IN "THE CHERUB."



ANOTHER GUILTEAU.

LOUIS BIERAL, A DISCHARGED CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTOR, MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE SURVEYOR HANS S. BEATTIE, OF NEW YORK.



RAN OFF WITH SALVATION CHARLEY.

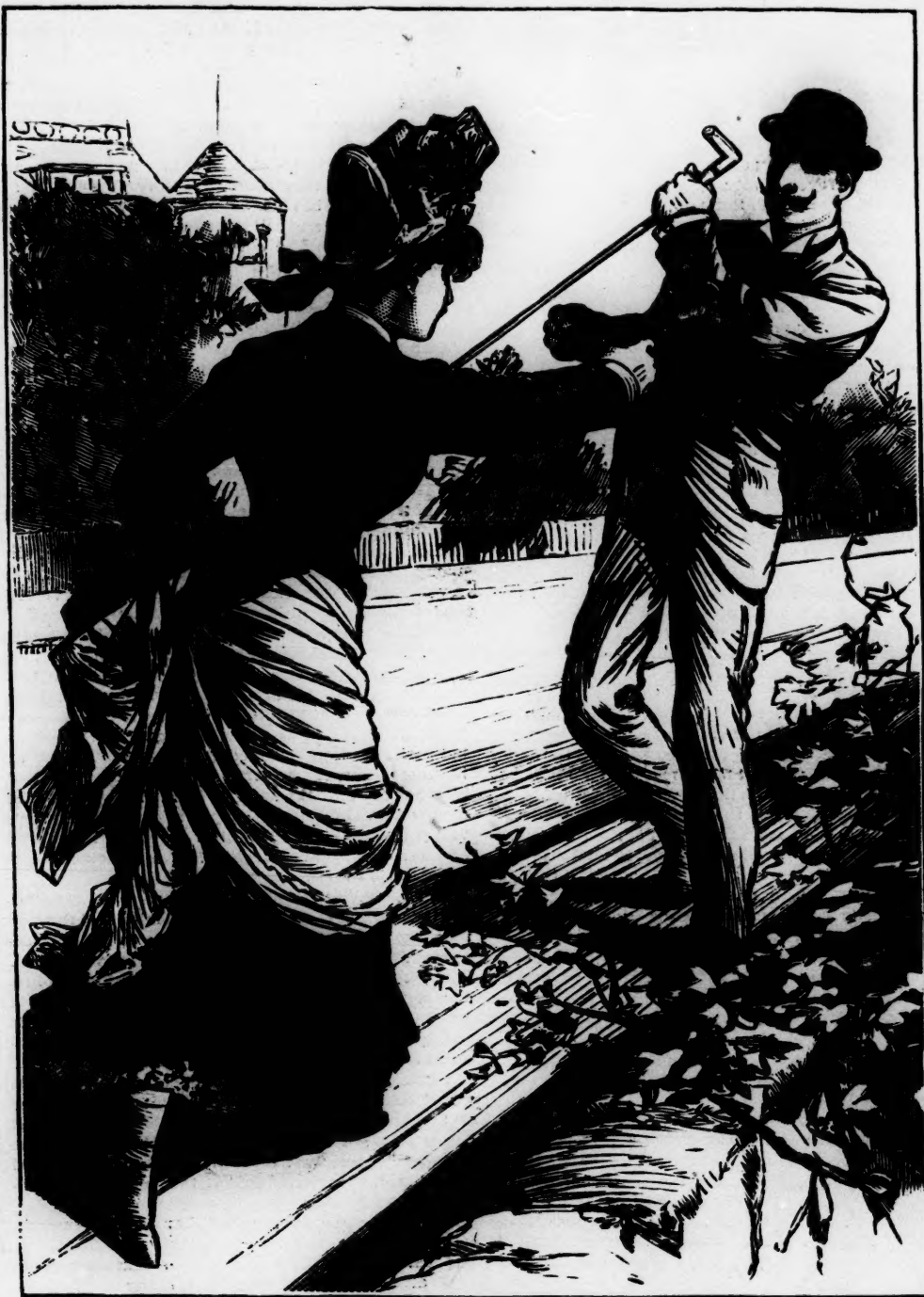
THE ELOPEMENT OF A GROOM OF TWENTY-FIVE WITH A CHILD OF FIFTEEN WHICH ENDED IN A HORSEWHIPPING.



LOUIS BIEDAL,
THE EX-CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTOR WHO SHOT
SURVEYOR BEATTIE IN THIS CITY.



FRED ARCHER.
THE MOST FAMOUS OF ENGLISH JOCKEYS WHO
SHOT HIMSELF IN A DELIRIUM.



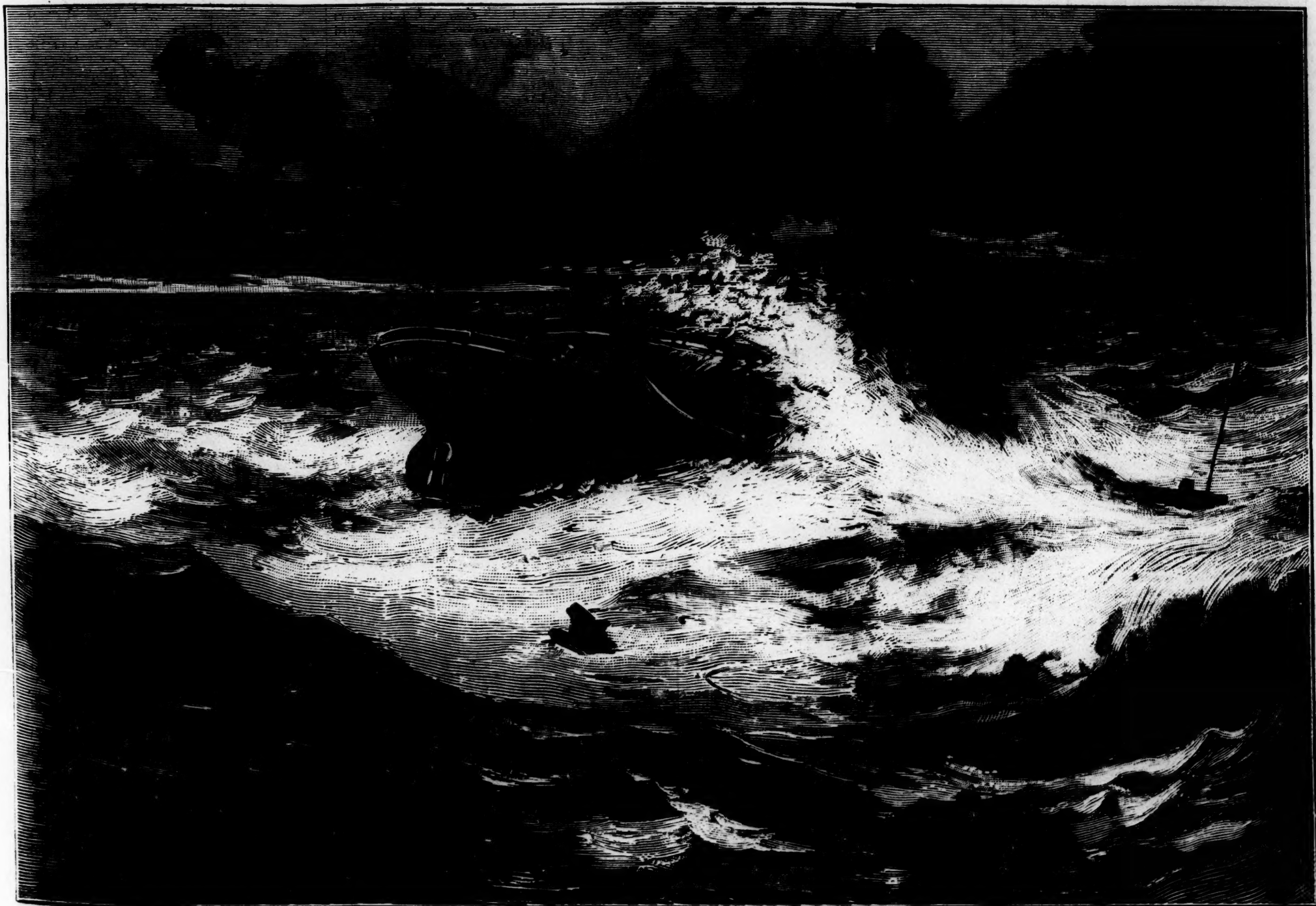
GETTING SQUARE WITH HER BETRAYER.
MISS MARY FITZWILLIAMS OF WASHINGTON, PA., CHASES FASHIONABLE HENRY
HORN WITH A REVOLVER.



JUAN JOSE VASQUEZ,
THE WORTHY CHIEF OF POLICE OF NOGALES, SONORA,
MEXICO, KNOWN IN THE CUTTING AFFAIR.



FRANK D. BACON,
THE NEW HAVEN DRUMMER WHO COMMITTED
SUICIDE IN A SENSATIONAL MANNER.



[WHAT WAS HER NAME?
THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE IN A GALE OFF NEW HAVEN, CONN., OF AN UNKNOWN STEAMER WHICH FOUNDERED WITH ALL HANDS.

WHO DID IT?

The Obscure And Unexplained
Murder of Mrs. Taswell, Near
Haverford College, Pa.

A DARK DEED.

The Mysterious Detective Who Says
He Knows All About It.

The murder of Coachman John Taswell's young and comely wife near Haverford College, Pa., was only as far back as Sunday evening last, but the villagers of Ardmore and the farmers of the surrounding country are as little interested in the search for the murderer as if the tragedy had entirely faded from the popular mind. No reward has been offered for the discovery and arrest of the criminal, nor has any united effort been made to solve the mystery. Native Hawkshaws and visiting Vidocques have exchanged theories, but the circumstances surrounding the death of the woman have not yet been investigated by an experienced detective. An industrious young man from the city, whose grave mien and reserved manner have impressed a few of the country folks, has endeavored to show that a mystic tramp, clad in a dingy gray suit, slouch hat and muddy boots, committed the deed. The tramp, it was said, was tracked as far as Merion Station, where he was last seen acting in a suspicious manner on Hyland avenue, with the slouch hat pulled over his eyes and in the suspicious act of eating cold meat from a fresh looking newspaper.

"Detective and Police Superintendent" Henry G. Standen, who was said to be working on the vanishing tramp clue, talked for an hour about the murder. He is a slim, middle-aged man, with a strong English accent and one arm. He is neither the police superintendent or a detective, his official duty with the Bryn Mawr Relief Association being to receive vagrants when sent by a citizen of the neighborhood and supply them with soup or other food, after they have run the saw through a pile of cord wood. He looked eccentric and ambitious for fame.

"I was known as a detective in the old country," he said. "I'm on the track of the party that killed Mrs. Taswell, but I'm always sure before I lay my hands on a man. I don't give away my plans or theories to reporters or talk about any case I undertake, for the detectives in Philadelphia would hurry and follow my plans, capture the murderer and get all the credit. No, sir; I don't tell all I know. Why, I haven't told my wife what I know about the murder. I only need another link, and I'm just waiting for the great excitement to go down and then I can approach people and get what I want."

When asked why he did not arrest the murderer at once Mr. Standen looked wise and then said that he thought a big reward would soon be offered and the guilty man would then have heavy hands laid on him. Standen was at the funeral of Mrs. Taswell. In order to be more effective he followed the advice of friends and had his moustache shaved off, although he failed to put a patch over his eye or wear a heavy slouch hat as directed. Officer Mulce, who has been devoting as much time as possible to the murder, has little faith in the tramp story. He says that he believes the guilty man will be arrested within ten days. In and about Ardmore it is the general belief that Taswell should account for his whereabouts between half-past 6 o'clock, when he left his wife at the house of old Charles Abbott, and half-past 7, when he is said to have been back to the Philler mansion.

In an interview with the editor of a newspaper published in Lower Merion township he said: "The testimony taken before the Coroner's jury furnishes food for much thought. The statements of Taswell are peculiar. At the inquest there was no testimony to show where the husband was on the evening of the murder for at least a period of an hour. Mrs. Philler and the fellow servants of Taswell did not appear and testify that John was in the house at about 7 o'clock. Mr. Philler was the only witness from his house. He swore that after 5 o'clock John put the team away, and that he didn't see him again until the next morning. Mr. Philler said that his wife had given John some household orders about half-past 7 o'clock or shortly before 8 and that he thought the other servants could say that Taswell was about the place from 7 until after 8 o'clock. There was no direct evidence offered to show that Taswell was on hand during that time. Now for the husband's statement. He says that he left Mrs. Taswell at the gate of the Abbott house at 6:30 o'clock and was to meet her again in three-quarters of an hour. It takes but 6 or 7 minutes to walk from Abbott's to the house of Mr. Philler, but at 25 minutes past 7 o'clock, Taswell said at the inquest that he was on the pike and saw Rowland Evans and Mrs. Evans pass in a phaeton.

"That was about ten minutes after he was to have met his wife and nearly twenty-five minutes after the screams of Mrs. Taswell were heard on the pike. He went home, after loitering about the Philler residence until half-past eight o'clock, and started to meet his wife. When the door of the Abbott house is opened he says, 'Where is my wife?' When told that she had left shortly before seven o'clock, he said, 'She's been waylaid.' He then goes to search for her. It was after nine o'clock when he stops Willie Anderson on the pike and asks if the boy had seen Mrs. Taswell up in the colored church. Then he gets a lantern at the Abbott house and, along with the old darkey, it is not long before he leads the way to the spring house in the meadow. The body is then carried to the home of Charles Abbott and Taswell, whose wife has just been foully murdered, returns to the coach house. He does not tell the servants, but sleeps until the morning, when he makes the tragedy known. Mrs. Taswell had been on intimate terms, it is said, with Aleck Green, and it was reported that Green and Taswell, at a recent colored ball, quarreled over Green's alleged fondness for Mrs. Taswell. The woman's action in hurriedly eating her supper and then leaving the Abbott house, long before her husband was to call for her, is strange, and seems as if she had expected to see some one."

Green was at Ardmore on Sunday last, and he says that he left there on the 6:25 P. M. train for Philadelphia.

ILL-USED DREDGERS.

Beaten and Imprisoned, Almost Starved and Deserted.

With the conviction of Capt. Williams for the murder of Otto Meyer, a poor oyster dredger, last spring, it was believed by the State of Maryland authorities that a stop had been put to the brutal outrage for which many of the oyster boat captains of the Chesapeake are notorious. The "shanghaiing" process, as it is called, of securing hands to work the dredgers is more than ever resorted to this season, judging from the stories of rough treatment already received. By "shanghaiing" is meant the obtaining of men by misrepresentation of the work expected of them. Few men from choice will enter the dredging service unless they have some interest in the vessel. The immigrant boarding houses and other resorts in the lower parts of the city are watched by oyster "sharps," who, when they see a "greeny" looking for a job, "spot" him for the dredgers. Sometimes the poor fellow signs, through ignorance or in the belief that the life is easy and living good on a Chesapeake dredger. One turn is always enough for him. Foreigners who know nothing of oysterfaring are easily persuaded that it is a nice, good-paying job. In several instances men have been drugged, taken aboard the schooners, and when they revived were compelled to work for several weeks and then turned adrift on shore, half-starved and without pay, to find their way back to civilization as best they could.

The recent experience of three Russians on an oyster dredger rivaled the cruelties practiced upon the serfs in their native land or the hardships of the exiles in Siberia. They stated to a director of an asylum, into which the poor fellows were admitted to be treated for their injuries, that they never thought such cruelties were practiced in this land of the free. These three Russians had saved a little money and came to America to make their fortune. They arrived in New York on the steamship Baltic on Oct. 6. An agent of an unreliable employment agency met the men in this city and promised to get engagements for them upon the payment of \$1 each. The money was gladly paid and the men turned over to a party representing himself as a Baltimorean, and who brought them to that city. When they got there they were taken down to Fell's Point and shipped on board of an oyster punga. Some one warned them not to leave the city, but before they could fully make up their minds they were rudely hustled aboard the boat, which immediately set sail. Hardly had the punga passed Fort Carroll when the new recruits were ordered to get to work. Each one was assigned a task, which he tried hard to perform acceptably to the officers of the boat, but without success. The greatest disadvantage under which they labored was their inability to understand a word of English. This, together with the general awkwardness of their work, so incensed the captain that he beat them most unmercifully.

Aaron Schmidt was the first subject of his wrath. The captain struck him across the left jaw with a piece of iron almost breaking the bone. This blow was followed by several more about the body, each one of which broke the flesh and drew blood. Ezekiel Arbeltman, a youngster scarcely twenty years old, had several of his teeth knocked out, and Hensch Houckman was nearly starved to death. Besides being severely beaten he was placed in the hold of the vessel for five days without either food or drink. In addition to this a colored man on board was ordered to pour cold water over him almost every hour in the day. When he was brought out of his dungeon cell the captain threatened to throw him overboard, but he pleaded so earnestly for his life that the chief officer relented and sent the three men ashore in a small boat. They were landed in Virginia, somewhere near Cowart's wharf, in Coan river, and left to their fate. That night they passed in the woods, almost dead from starvation and the cold. As soon as daylight dawned they were discovered by a sympathetic farmer who took them to his house and had them washed and fed.

In their gratitude they fell on their knees and kissed the farmer's feet. They were brought back to Baltimore by a steamboat captain, and the State authorities are trying to find the captain and crew who maltreated them. It is difficult for the authorities to get hold of the despots who rule the decks of the oyster boats, and many a poor wretch has been nearly murdered and the crime gone unpunished. On several of the crafts men have been spirited away, and after being worked until exhausted have been stripped of every stitch of clothing and put ashore in mid-winter.

But it must not be understood that all the Chesapeake oyster boat captains are barbarians. Many of them are honorable, honest men, who pay and treat their hands well. It is generally on the pirate boats engaged in illegal dredging that these cruelties are practiced. The master and one or two other villains whom he calls the mates run the boat and divide the profits. They belong to a hard class, who would almost rather murder a poor dredger than pay him his wages.

DANCING ROUND HIS BLAZING HOME.

Farmers and others in the vicinity of the neat home of Fred Brandes, near Terre Hill, Pa., rushed in alarm to his place to save his property from destruction by fire, but when they arrived they were startled to meet Brandes, axe in hand, defying everybody in peril of their lives to keep off his premises. His bloodshot eyes glared furiously as he danced around the flames. In his back yard was a large pile of broken furniture, which had been saturated with coal oil and which was also in flames. Everything in the house, beds, chairs, tables, and in fact all the furniture, he had smashed to pieces and piled in a heap in the yard and fired. All his wife's canned goods, preserves, dried fruits, clothing, carpets, &c., he had dragged out and thrown into the flames. Inside the house was all ablaze, and Brandes was between the two fires, allowing no one to enter.

A quarter of a mile away, cowering in the underbrush, was his wife and child. Brandes had searched for them from house to house with an axe on his shoulder, determined to kill them. Powerfully built and dangerous, no one dared to interfere with him. His property was wholly consumed, after which he took to the woods and escaped. He had suddenly become a raving maniac. Mrs. Brandes, a very respectable woman, cannot account for her husband's sudden and awful course. It is probable he has made away with himself on the mountains or will perish in the storm. He is a German, forty-five years old.

TALK ON SMUGGLING.

No More Piratical Ships and Crews—People of Wealth who Like to Cheat the Government.

The day of genuine smuggling is gone. The smuggler of the boy's romance of the sea, who sailed in a "dark, suspicious-looking craft," and had a cave hid somewhere far away, where he stored his goods and held dark conclaves at night, has passed away, and there are those who believe he never existed at all. But smuggling has not stopped. Only now they do not go in gangs and sail their own ships. They do not wear red shirts and cutlasses nowadays. They are entirely respectable people, and go in the best society. They wear fine clothes and diamonds, and are very friendly with the customs officers. The smuggling is now done mostly by fashionable people who travel and by business men.

"We can never tell how much is done," said a special agent of the government to a Washington Star reporter. "I have no doubt an immense number of things are landed without duty. There is no such thing as a band of smugglers, but nearly every steamer brings over some contraband goods."

"They are generally fine laces, millinery, expensive tailor trimmings and the like. A great many business men go abroad with trunks and bring them back full of these things. They are very expensive, and many thousand dollars' worth can be brought over in a very small space. Expensive feathers, fine velvets and ribbons, laces, silk braid and trimmings of all sorts take up but little space and are subject to high duty. Sometimes smugglers get caught. We can't tell how often they don't. Jewelry is smuggled in to a great extent, particularly diamonds. Nearly all the diamonds brought to this country are smuggled. We know that a great quantity of these gems are imported, but we have never collected duty on many. Such an immense value can be carried in so small a place that it is easy to evade the customs officers. Ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds might be carried in a man's vest pocket. Who would think to search him unless he was suspected of smuggling? The customs officers can't search everybody."

"And then," he added as if he feared he was offering too much encouragement to violations of the customs, "you must not think it altogether a safe business. You might get caught when you least expected. Men who think they are perfectly safe often fall into a trap. There are people who are always ready to give information that will lead to the uncovering of a smuggler. The government was warned by an anonymous letter not long since that a certain party would sail from Europe on a certain steamer, and that if we would search him we would find diamonds. We were on the watch. He was a very gentlemanly man of fine appearance and good address. He had only the ordinary luggage; was perfectly willing that it should be searched, but was amused at the idea of being suspected of smuggling."

"The officers felt rather cheap after a fruitless search, and were apologizing for the trouble they had given him, when one of them picked up a cake of soap out of his dressing-case. There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of the soap, but when the officer handled it too roughly it broke open, and out rolled the little sparkling gems. The inside of the cake had been hollowed out and \$10,000 worth of diamonds stowed away in the cavity. Had we not been notified he would have been perfectly safe and got through as the others have done. But no man can be sure that he will not be the one to be caught. Our informers are everywhere. The government can give a reward of as much as half the value of the goods seized to the informer. This is an inducement to many people to report any cases that come under their notice. There are people constantly on the lookout on the other side, and we are notified when to look for smugglers. A great many patriotic citizens have an antipathy for smugglers, and do, as a matter of principle, report every one they find. Preachers are particularly apt to do this. The cloth is our best source of information. People frequently brag, on going abroad, that when they return they will bring so and so without duty. We generally hear of this and are on the lookout. Only the other day a gentleman came to the office and informed me of parties who were going to bring over a lot of valuable things. He did it merely because he hated smuggling."

"Their fellow-passengers frequently give them away. In coming over that way, all crowded in close quarters, and away out at sea, people become more confidential than they would under ordinary circumstances, and they tell each other what they have in their trunks that will escape duty. Sometimes a man will give confidence in order to get it. He will tell how he is going to fool the customs officers, and, like the man with the moist eye, get the confidence of others who want to do the same thing. Of course, he never has any contraband goods himself, and he sees that the rest don't get through the custom house. Sometimes passengers get mad with each other and turn informer out of spite. Women frequently do this. I have heard too, of information given as a practical joke, which afterward turned out seriously."

"But experienced smugglers," continued the special agent, "do not get caught thus. They are generally known as dealers, and their baggage is very closely watched, but they never make a confidant of any one. Tourists do much smuggling. They bring presents to their friends and collect ornaments and all sorts of things they can get cheap abroad, and try to slip them through without duty. Many do this without knowing that they are violating the law. They think that anything they do not intend to sell is not dutiable. With thousands of dollars' worth of things in their trunk they will swear that they have no dutiable goods. Their surprise is genuine when the goods are seized. The question what constitutes a lady's or a gentleman's wardrobe is one that bothers us much. In former years the station of the person was taken into consideration. If a very wealthy man had a dozen suits of clothes, a lot of jewelry, and all sorts of expensive toggery, it was considered nothing more than his rights. But for a man of less means to have so much made him an object of suspicion, and he was liable to arrest for smuggling. The same way with women. A rich woman in fashionable life could bring over \$100,000 worth of jewelry and dresses. Though this was logical, inasmuch as it might properly be presumed that one who could not afford to wear such expensive toggery must be bringing it not for their own use, yet it seemed an unjust discrimination against the poor in favor of the rich, and the method had to be abolished."

"Since the Astor decision there seems to be almost no end of what may be brought over free of duty as personal effects. Mrs. Astor, you may remember

came home from Europe with enough dresses and jewelry to open a big establishment. The duty on them amounted to \$10,000. She swore that they constituted her wardrobe, and refused to pay the duty. The department insisted that they were dutiable, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court, where it was decided that they must be admitted free."

DECOYED INTO A DARK ROOM.

Officers Alfred Krantz and John F. Gustafson are stationed on North Market street, Chicago, a rough quarter, and have had occasion frequently to use their weapons in the discharge of their duties. About 2 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 8 Officer Krantz noticed a man, apparently drunk, approaching him, staggering. The officer got from him his address and helped him to the place designated, "163 Oak street, rear." He knocked at the door, when an old woman promptly opened it. Krantz turned to assist the man, when the drunkard suddenly straightened up and, seizing the officer by the throat, hurled him into the house.

Krantz fell at full length, the outer door flew shut, the old woman vanished and three men with clubs and pistols sprang into the room. As he regained his feet Krantz was struck a half dozen terrible blows over the head and body. Staggering with pain the officer was still able to produce his pistol, and fired without hesitation. On the instant the candle was extinguished and three heavy bodies fell to the floor.

Pistol shots began to ring from every corner. The flashes came from the level of the floor and the officer responded by directing his shots downward in the darkness. By preconcerted arrangement the men had thrown themselves upon their stomachs and were firing upward. Officer Gustafson, who was two blocks away, rushed to the scene and burst the locked door off its hinges. As he dashed in the shots ceased because the pistols were empty, and the three men made a rush for safety. Gustafson fired in the face of the first man, and he fell back as though wounded. The two officers attacked the other villains and a desperate fight ensued. Aided by several citizens the officers overpowered the would-be murderers. At the police station they gave their names as Thomas Cronin, Patrick Healey and Francis McCarthy. Officer Krantz was badly bruised and cut, while Cronin and Healey were beaten almost beyond recognition.

RUN OFF WITH SALVATION CHARLEY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A special from Painted Post, N. Y., says: "Miss Emma Russell, the fifteen year-old daughter of David Russell, recently became enamored of Charles Higgins, better known as 'Salvation Charley,' who is a captain in the Salvation Army. Miss Russell was sent to a neighboring town by her parents, but Higgins followed her, and the two proceeded to Irvin Centre, where they were married. Higgins returned to Painted Post, and Mrs. Russell, the mother of the girl, sought him armed with a horsewhip and proceeded to belabor the gay Lothario, who shunned the punishment as quickly as possible. The father of the bride went after his child in a carriage and brought her home."

Great indignation is expressed against Higgins, who is a bright young fellow of twenty-five. His bride is a mere child."

TO DEATH HEAD FOREMOST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Just half an hour before James G. Blaine arrived in Trenton, N. J., an old attache of the Opera House named Richard Moore, while on his way to the roof to raise a flag in honor of the occasion, fell from a ladder a distance of about twenty feet, and his head striking the floor with terrific force he died almost instantly from concussion of the brain.

Just as Mr. Blaine arrived at the building the body was being viewed by the county physician. Moore was a veteran of the Mexican War, and had occupied his position in the Opera House several years.

A MASH THAT MISSED FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Williamsburgh dude the other day made a show of himself by asking a well-known married woman to meet him at the ferry house. She did so—with her child and a policeman. The dude was arrested, but through the lady's leniency he was eventually let go.

A LUCKY MAN.

Mr. Arthur H. Barnaby, who held one-fifth of the ticket numbered 61,968, which drew the second capital prize of \$25,000 in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, held at New Orleans, Oct. 12, is a traveling salesman of the Highland Foundry Company of this city, and lives with his wife and children in a pleasant little cottage in Everett. When found by a *Courier* reporter, Mr. Barnaby said that he had been for six or seven years a regular patron of The Louisiana State Lottery, buying usually a ticket each month, and that during this time he had now drawn no less than eight prizes. He was therefore not very much surprised when he took up an evening paper on the Saturday following the drawing, to find that his number had again been one of the lucky ones. He immediately telegraphed to New Orleans, to be sure no mistake had been made by editors or printers, and on Monday morning, after a day of doubt and anxious waiting, a reply came from Mr. M. A. Dauphin, saying the number was correct. A few days later the money was delivered to him by the Adams Express Company. Mr. Barnaby is a young man possessed of much energy and perseverance, and notwithstanding this sudden windfall, intends to continue in his present business, and to work as hard and to practice the same prudence as heretofore. The \$25,000 has already been wisely and securely invested, and will ultimately be expended in the purchase of a home for himself and family. He is a firm believer in the honesty and fairness of the Lottery, in proof of which he says he intends to buy a ticket each month in the future the same as he has done in the past. "It is a very curious fact," said Mr. Barnaby, "that within the last few years four different men in the stove and furnace business in Boston have each drawn a part of a capital prize. First, there was Mr. E. N. Hatch, who drew \$15,000; then Joe Lyons, of City Point, who got \$10,000; then Mr. Holmes, of East Boston, a young man in a stove store, who drew only four months ago \$15,000; and finally there's my \$25,000, besides several other smaller amounts which I have drawn from time to time."—*Boston (Mass.) Courier*, Nov. 7.

GUITEAUED.

A Political Heeler Tries to Kill
Surveyor Beattie.

DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED.

The Criminal Act of Seventy-Two-Year
old Louis Bial.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Hans S. Beattie, the first Democrat to hold the office of Surveyor of the Port of New York since Emanuel B. Hart, in Buchanan's time, was shot twice while in his private office in the Custom House by Louis Bial, a Republican heeler, prize fighter, gambler, sport and alleged homicide. Luckily, although the shooting was done at short range with a heavy pistol, and by a man used to his weapon, it is believed no important organ was injured; but one of the Surveyor's wounds is severe. Bial had been a customs inspector, attached to the Surveyor's staff, under the Republican regime, and had survived the reigns of Collectors Arthur, Merritt, Robertson and Hedden. He was in a fair way to pass unmolested through Collector Magone's term of office until Surveyor Beattie early in September recommended his dismissal on a charge of defrauding an immigrant girl, Marie Mertens.

Usher Storms of the Collector's department had noticed Bial wandering about the corridors of the Custom House a good deal since his dismissal, and Storms says Bial told him he would get square with Surveyor Beattie. Storms repeated Bial's threats to the Surveyor. Mr. Beattie smiled and said that barking dogs never bite.

Bial came into the corridor from the Hanover street entrance at noon and repeated his threats to Storms. A few minutes after parting from him Storms heard pistol shots in the Surveyor's office and saw Bial rush out of Auditor Blatchford's office, which adjoins the Surveyor's, with an ugly looking pistol in his hand. Bial ran east along the corridor and out of the Hanover street door. Instantly the Custom House was in an uproar, and the report that Surveyor Beattie had been killed brought a rush of clerks and outsiders to his office. It is on the ground floor in the southwest corner of the building. Struggling to get into the office were Collector Magone, ex-Deputy Collector Arthur Berry, Private Secretary Andrew D. Parker, the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, ex-Gov. John T. Hoffman, and ex-Surveyor Emanuel B. Hart.

Messenger W. S. Wright of Auditor Sam Blatchford's office had gone flying after Bial down Hanover street to Beaver and west through Beaver until he met Policeman Leroy Snyder in front of the Cotton Exchange and told him to arrest Bial. Bial was mild enough as he handed Snyder a huge five-chambered .44 calibre, self-loading revolver. Snyder ran him off to the old city police station with a crowd at his heels.

By this time Auditor Sam Blatchford had ordered the iron doors leading from the corridor to the Surveyor's outer office closed, and had sent for James Began, a retired physician and surgeon attached to Chief Clerk Treloar's correspondence department in the Collector's office. Mr. Began found the white knobs and the white wooden panels of the folding doors leading into Mr. Beattie's private office bespattered with blood. The office is back in the very corner of the building and overlooks William street and Exchange place. The Surveyor had been assisted to one of the leather sofas, and lay there pale and suffering from shock and loss of blood. One of the huge bullets had ripped entirely through his left hand. Another had struck near the crest of the left haunch bone or ilium, and plowed around to near the base of the spine. A third had crashed through the Surveyor's rosewood cylinder desk, and in a glass in the window looking out on Exchange place was a big hole through which another bullet had sped. Mr. Began, at the request of the Surveyor, who was conscious and plucky, sent for his family physician and neighbor, Dr. Alexander Buchanan, with instructions to bring with him Dr. John T. Agnew. When they came it was decided not to probe for the bullet until Mr. Beattie, who is not by any means a robust man, recovered from the shock.

TWO FEMALE HIGHWAYMEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The northwestern part of Oneida County is all excitement over a daring attempt at highway robbery by two women who are now under arrest. Although the affair occurred more than four weeks ago, the threats of the women succeeded in preventing a complaint until this late day.

There is no more dreary public highway in Oneida County than that which leads from Rome to Boonville, following for the most part the Black River Canal. Persons accustomed to it, perhaps do not mind its winding through forests, along ravines, over bridges and across uninhabited districts, but to strangers covers for evil disposed persons are constantly suggested. Another such adventure as that described in the following story, however, has never been had. As the story goes, Hugh Dorrity and Miss Susie Jones were riding on the highway leading from Northwestern to Hillside. It was late and very dark. When they reached a lonely spot where the roadway entered the forest the horse was suddenly halted by, as was supposed at first, two men on horseback. One of them placed a revolver at Dorrity's head, ordered him to throw up his hands and deliver up his money and valuables. Instantly he recognized the voice as that of a woman. Dorrity, telling her his name, declared that he had no money or valuables with him, and, lighting a match, he showed his face. All this time the other woman, for such the second highwayman proved to be, had stood with her horse directly across the roadway. While the match was burning Dorrity declared he got a good look at the faces of both and recognized them as Mrs. Susan Scoville and Miss Mary Jane Dunn. They told him to pass on and make no reference of what had occurred under penalty of causing him serious trouble.

It was the night of Sept. 22 on which this occurred,

and only on Friday evening were warrants placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Bullock for the arrest of the pair, and it is believed that the complainant all this time had been intimidated by the threats of the women. The elder and more experienced of the two, Mrs. Susan Scoville, is better known as Susan G. Gbs. who tends a canal lock at Westernville. She is said to be a widow, and lives comparatively alone in a small house by the side of the lock. She is about thirty years old. Miss Dunn is only about twenty years of age. Recently she has been living with her sister, Mrs. Claffin, who is a cheesemaker at the factory a short distance north of Westernville. Deputy Sheriff Bullock had little trouble in arresting the pair at Mrs. Scoville's lonely home on the bank of the canal, although as soon as they heard that a warrant was out for their arrest they boasted that no one would dare take them into custody. They were charged before Justice Hayne with attempted highway robbery and assault in the second degree. Both pleaded not guilty. They were remanded to the care of the deputy sheriff for the night and the next morning gave bail in the sum of \$1,000 each. They will be examined soon.

Mrs. Scoville, when seen at her home by a correspondent, made light of the matter and said that she and the Dunn girl were only out on a "little lark." It was some time in the evening when they concluded to go to Hillside, a distance of about six miles, to make merry with a hotel keeper. They got two horses out of a pasture and, having no saddle, rode astride the horses' backs. To ride in this manner some changes in their apparel were necessary, but she declared they donned no garment of men's wear except hats. It was on their return, at 2 o'clock in the morning, that they "held up" Dorrity and his companion. She says that they had no idea of robbing any one.

PLENTY OF "OLLIES."

Pretty Adventuresses Preparing for Their Winter
Campaign at the Capital.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Although the Chicago Daisy has been effectually disposed of, Washington will not be free from adventuresses of her class this winter," said an up-town hotel clerk to a reporter of the *National Republican*. "Several other pretty blackmailers, who have operated here quietly in the past, are turning up for the winter campaign. Nearly every hotel clerk in the city knows them well, and it is hard for them to find accommodations for themselves and their alleged husbands. I had to turn one away yesterday. I have no positive proofs that she is a professional blackmailer, but she is down among the hotel 'subject' and that is enough for me. Their business will not be so brisk this winter because it is the second session and no new members will be at hand. At the first session of Congress the adventuresses got in most of their fine work, and I believe they reap a larger harvest here than in any other city in the United States. Not because members of Congress are more given to peccadilloes than other men, but because on account of their position, which is dependent on the good opinion of their constituents, they yield more readily to blackmail than do private citizens.

"A Congressman knows that even if unfounded charges of immorality are made against him, he will fall in the estimation of his constituents and give his opponent materials for campaign lies, so he generally prefers to secure silence at any reasonable expense. Congressmen are more exposed to the designs of these women than men in private life. Almost any one, representing himself or herself as a constituent, can obtain an audience. The adventuress knows this. When she has selected her intended victim she generally goes to the Capitol, sends in a card which bears the name of some town in the Congressman's district, and requests a few minutes of his time. Of course he comes out to the waiting-room, when the blackmailer tells some pitiful story about losses sustained at the hands of the government, and asks for the introduction of a relief bill. As she is pretty and an interesting talker, the M. C. being only human, listens graciously and promises to do all in his power for her. This is but the beginning of her game. When leaving she says she will call on him again in a few days to see how matters are progressing. She does call again and frequently, sometimes at the Capitol and sometimes at the Congressman's house. All constituents do the same under similar circumstances, and he cannot snub her because she is young and pretty.

"After having interested the Congressman pretty thoroughly she makes the master move, and begs him to call on her sometimes to report the progress of her relief bill. If he falls into the trap, the rest is generally easy work. A beautiful and clever woman having drawn a man into a *tele a-tele* in her own rooms can, in nine cases out of ten, lead things to the tableau upon which the injured husband breaks in. Grave old legislators may smile and say they can't be taken in by any adventuress, but I tell you if they once get as far as her rooms they can't altogether resist wine and beauty. The ending of the plot is familiar to all. Angry husband, pistols proposed, scandal threatened, hush-money demanded, M. C. hundreds out of pocket and a ruined man."

A HARVARD STUDENT'S WINE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most absurd instances of ignorant aping of English customs on record comes from Harvard, where an ambitious student sent out invitations to a "wine," having heard, it is supposed, that such festivities were the proper thing at English universities, and regarded his guests solely and uniquely upon iced sherry! Certain comments, however, were brought to his knowledge which seem to have awakened in his breast a doubt whether he had compassed the heights of the possibilities open to him in this line, and once more he issued cards for a "wine." Thirty guests assembled, and on this occasion the cheer consisted entirely of brandy. Determined to do his full duty as a host at all hazards, the ambitious student began with great deliberation drinking with each guest separately. So far below the nobility of his intention, however, was the strength of his wits, that before he got half way round the circle he so far confused his "wine" with a torchlight procession that he poured a glass of brandy upon his hair and set it on fire! The party at once resolved itself into an amateur fire brigade, with some difficulty extinguished the host, put him to bed and sent for a doctor. The incident, despite its brilliant nature and the originality it displayed, cast a gloom over the festivities, and the company dispersed with very little regard to the order of going.

A SCHOOL FOR THIEVES.

An English Convict's Way of Teaching by Example
—The Fish He Is Angling For.

An English ex-convict tells this story to a London *Telegraph* reporter concerning a school for thieves which he has the reputation of keeping:

"Oh, it isn't a school at all," he replied with a laugh, "and it is all nonsense calling it one. It got the name of being one a long time ago, and it has stuck to it ever since. It became known that I used to have lads up here of evenings, and I was waited on by a police inspector. 'I have come to warn you,' says he, 'that we have information that you keep a school for the instruction of young thieves. If it is so you will have to put a stop to it or you will find yourself in your old quarters.' 'All right,' says I, 'you will come and hear for yourself what it is I teach them.' 'There would be a lot of good in that,' says he; 'there would be a rather short attendance if it was known that I was to be present. Besides, if they did come, you wouldn't be such a fool as to give 'em their ordinary lessons.' 'I said,' says I, 'that you should hear for yourself, not that you should be seen, if you wouldn't mind passing an hour this evening in that back attic; there is only a thin partition between it and this one, and lots of chinks you can peep through. You can satisfy yourself, and nobody but you and me need be any wiser.' And the inspector agreed to the plan, and came and slipped into the back attic at the time mentioned, and the e he staid till the entertainment was all over and the boys had gone. And then he came out, and says he: 'I shan't trouble you any further, Jerry.'"

It is a rather backhanded way you have got in getting at them, but it is better than no way at all. And he civilly wished me good night, and I haven't been interfered with by the police since. And so it is what may be called a backhanded way," continued Mr. Duff, "and it isn't, praps, a respectable way, and it might be objected that there is underhandness and artfulness in it; but what odds about that so that good comes of it? It isn't reading and writing that I teach them. I am far too ignorant a man for that. I tell them stories—stories of my life in the different prisons and of the crimes that got me there. That was the bait I held out to them when I first began to put the plan I had long thought of in practice. They were too young to know anything about me themselves, but they had, no doubt, heard all about me from the older hands—and there are plenty of them living about here—and they were proud of the compliment when I asked them to come up to my room, smoke a pipe, and hear me spin a yarn concerning my life and adventures. And having been in the creaked way ever since I was 13 till I last left Portland, when I was 39, you may guess, and having a good memory, I had plenty of stories to tell. But the stirring adventures and the dardevil deeds, which, of course, they liked to hear about, were only the sugar the pill was coated with.

"What I wanted them to understand without making too much of it was that for every sixpenny worth of pleasure obtained by crime it always, sooner or later, meets with a pound's worth of punishment. It don't do to press this view of it too hard on them, or they will at once think you are gammoning. The way is to put it so that they find it out for themselves. They sometimes make their comments to that effect when I have finished a story I have been telling them. 'Well, after all, Jerry, you didn't get much of a pull. You paid pretty dear for what you did get, Jerry.' To which I reply: 'I never did get the pull, and I always paid dear for what I got. I had twenty-six years of it, and eighteen of these were spent in prison, and, after all, here I am making footloose at twopenny a penny each, and working fourteen hours a day to earn enough to buy me a bit of victuals and pay my lodging, and I tell you I never was half as happy in all my life.' It isn't only of my own experiences I tell them," continued Jerry, the schoolmaster.

"While I was at Dartmoor something went wrong with my insides, and I was put in the infirmary as a nurse, and was there eighteen months. 'I know lots of stories that the patients, being there sick and brought low, have told me, some of the men being the most wicked and desperate; but it was always the same tale with them when it came to the last. They are the yarns, as they call them, they like best to hear, though perhaps you wouldn't think it. But it is a fact. The worst young reprobates will go to the play and shed tears over the affecting parts of a piece that pleases them, and go again and again to see it. I've had them pipe their eye here many a time when I've been telling them of a dying prisoner—a young fellow, perhaps—and of the tender messages he sent to his mother and those at home. And, what is more to the purpose,' said Jerry Duff, proudly, and with something very like tears glistening in his own eyes, 'I've had many a one come creeping back here, shy and ashamed like, when the others were out of sight, and wanting to know if I knew any more stories like the last, and, if so, would I mind telling him all by himself and on the quiet. I never say nay, you may depend on it. They are the fish I am angling for in my oackhanded way. They are rare, but when they do bite they are worth landing.' I could do no more than agree, and, as I have already said, I shook hands with Jerry Duff, and wished him better luck with his story-telling."

A STORY ABOUT STEWART'S BODY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fellow named Croft, editor of the *Sunday Post*, Washington, D. C., tells the following story of the return of the stolen remains of the late A. T. Stewart. He says he had the story from a member of the Hillton family at a dinner party. He says: "It was a couple of years anterior to that, I think my informant said, that the bones were finally ransomed." Judge Hillton persistently refused to consent to it, and at last, when Mrs. Stewart declared herself unable any longer to carry the burden of the ghastly thought that the remains of her husband were being carted around the country by a gang of thieves, she defied her lawyer's scruples and concluded negotiations.

"Mrs. Stewart gave \$25,000 instead of the \$50,000 at first demanded. The bargain was made through a lawyer who seemed to have no other briefs, and who probably got a good fraction of the 'swag.' The ghoul insisted that the money should be delivered to them on a lonely hill in Westchester county at the dead of night. Further in accordance with their directions, a relative of Mrs. Stewart journeyed alone in a wagon, which he drove himself. At a spot in the country road which had not been designated or described the driver was suddenly halted by a masked horseman. This

mysterious messenger led him through a by-lane to the hilltop, where, after certain precautions to insure their safety, they received the \$25,000, examined it, and then dragged a bag of bones from another buggy near by and surrendered it to the keeping of the solitary traveler. Before they disappeared down one side of the hill they commanded him, on the peril of his life, to turn about and descend the other slope. He did as he was bidden and got to New York before morning.

"The next night the bones were committed to the vault under the great cathedral at Garden City, which had already been connected by a secret wire with a chime of bells sure to ring and alarm the town if it was disturbed. So now the mortal remains of the great merchant millionaire and those of his patient, enduring, loyal and affectionate wife of sixty years rest side by side."

JOHN F. HOKE CAPTURED.

After a long and anxious hunt John Finley Hoke, bookkeeper of the Merchants' National Bank of Peoria, Ill., was arrested at a late hour on Nov. 4 by local Detective Kellert, of Montreal, Can., who was accompanied by Stanley and Ward, of Chicago, the two latter having been in pursuit of the absconder in Western States and Canada since May last. They often came near capturing him, but he eluded them until Kellert got on his tracks there. On arriving he engaged a room at the Balmoral hotel, but immediately changed his quarters to a high-toned boarding house on McTaviss street, the most aristocratic part of the city. When his place of residence was discovered the detectives engaged rooms opposite so as to keep him under surveillance until they could ascertain if he had the money he had robbed the bank of, which is stated in the warrant to be \$118,000. He is also charged with forgery, and Crown Prosecutor Davidson, Q. C., has been instructed to make application for his extradition. He transferred, while at Niagara, some real estate to directors of the bank, which realized \$3,000. The prisoner telegraphed to his wife to come on, and, as she is said to have a considerable amount of the stolen money, it is thought she will surrender some of it as a compromise to get her husband released. Hoke was engaged in speculating in wheat and lost heavily. Until two directors of the bank, who were telegraphed for, arrive the prisoner will not be arraigned in court. When Hoke engaged the room in the hotel he registered under the assumed name of Hill.

MORMONS ROUGHLY HANDLED.

An exciting time was had down at Lambeth's kiln, near Eckville, Pa., Tuesday week. A number of farmers knew that there were two men, strangers in the place, operating among the young women of the neighborhood, frequenting the gatherings of Sunday schools, and ingratiating themselves among the single women, and the farmers determined to drive them out of the neighborhood. The elder of the two—Brother Ettig, as he was called—was seen emerging from Gray's meadow with young Lena Eklieberger, whom he was inducing to join a Mormon colony. Ettig was seized and dragged to the lime sheds and rolled in a bin of white lime dust and started on a run through the woods. Basing, the other suspected man, was also seized and ducked in a creek and cowhided, and started through the woods in the direction Ettig had taken. It appears that there was a concerted plan, according to which a number of deluded young women should all be ready to start West on a given day to join a Mormon settlement. At least a dozen young women have had their heads turned by all sorts of promises made by these fellows, and for a time it was difficult to secure hired female help in that region.

SCARED BY A FEMALE SPRITE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John Murray, a water carpenter, who lives with his wife in a small house on State street, Sandwich, Mass., has been unable to sleep of late on account of a female ghost that comes romping into his room *en habille* at midnight, breaking down the door when fastened and rulling the house with a high hand. For the first two or three nights Murray and his wife tried to quell the visitor by firing soup dishes and boots at her, but as all the missiles went straight through the apparition without leaving a scar Mrs. Murray has left home to return no more. The night of Oct. 28, Murray invited a few of his fellow workmen to come and pass the night with him. Just before midnight they heard a noise on the stairs, and when Murray went to the door to admit his visitor he was knocked down, whereupon all the men left the house in a hurry. Murray has moved out.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY A WOMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Rev. Jasper L. Douthitt is editor of *Our Best Words*, a religious and prohibition periodical of Shelbyville, Ill. He has been for some time bitterly fighting the liquor element, and has made many enemies, some of whom have threatened his life and property. Having been warned, Mr. Douthitt has been on his guard, and this week offered a reward for the apprehension of the guilty parties. October 29 Mrs. Day, the wife of a worthless fellow living near the Douthitt residence, went there and made a murderous assault with a carving fork upon Mrs. Douthitt, declaring she would kill her. After a prolonged struggle on the part of Mrs. Douthitt, assisted by her daughter, the woman was overpowered and controlled until other assistance arrived. The woman is playing the insanity role, but many think she is the hireling of others more guilty.

CHARGES AGAINST A PRISON OFFICIAL.

Sam Payton, a convict recently released from the State Prison, Jackson, Mich., has made charges against Dr. W. Palmer, the prison physician. Payton was Palmer's secretary, and it is alleged by him that Palmer had been polluting his office by taking bribes from convicts, and assisting in getting some released by pronouncing them hopelessly ill and procuring pardons. It is charged, also, that able-bodied convicts were kept in the hospital when not ill. Palmer has been suspended, pending an investigation. No criminal charges will be preferred against Palmer until a rigorous examination is made. The scandal produced a profound sensation, as Palmer is a prominent local politician and leader in School Board District No. 17. Dr. Palmer was interviewed, and he said that all he asks is a thorough investigation. The doctor was very much shocked by the charge, and is sick abed.



TO DEATH HEAD FOREMOST.

THE FRIGHTFUL FATE WHICH BEFELL VETERAN RICHARD MOORE, AT TRENTON,
NEW JERSEY.



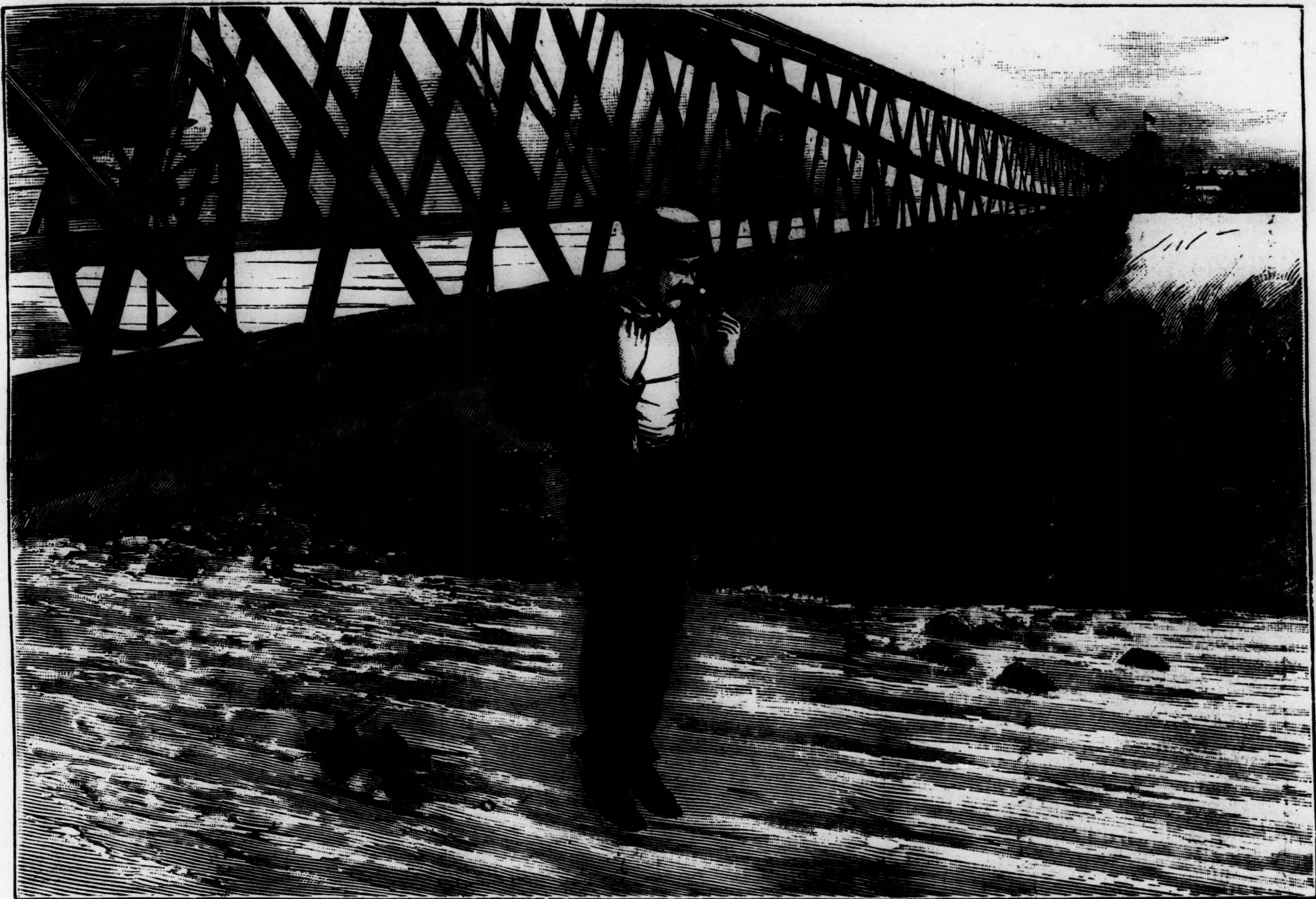
A MASH THAT MISSED FIRE.

HOW A BROOKLYN, E. D., DUDE MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH A MARRIED WOMAN
AND WAS INTRODUCED TO HER CHILD AND A POLICEMAN.



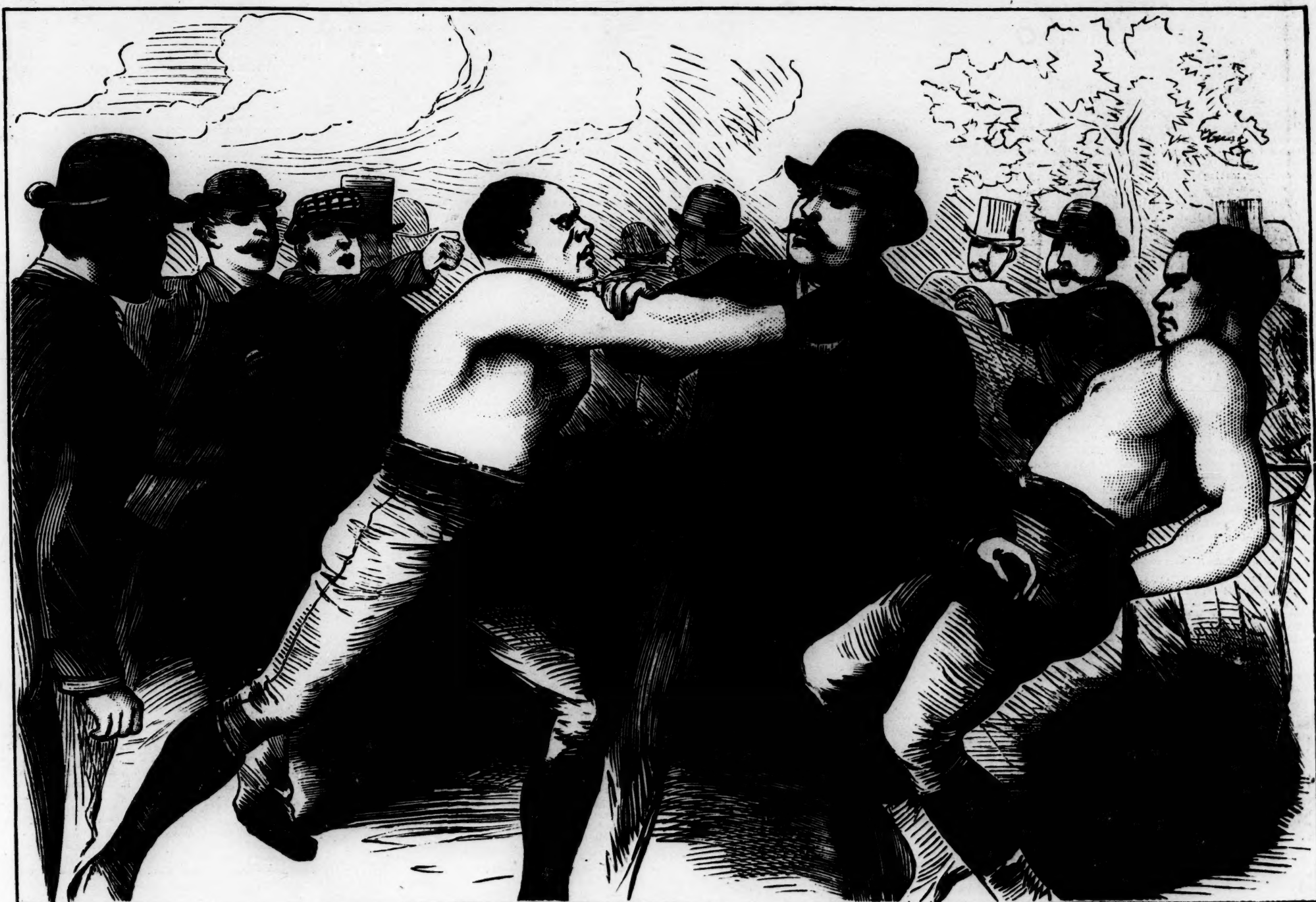
HOW THEY WORK IT.

THE INGENIOUS PROCESS BY WHICH THE GREAT AMERICAN FEMALE LOBBYIST GETS A DEADLY HOLD OF THE UN-
SUSPECTING RURAL MEMBER OF CONGRESS.



DONOVAN'S DROP.

HIGH-LEAPING LAURENCE MAKES A LIGHTNING DESCENT FROM THE TWO-HUNDRED-FEET LOFTY SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.



A PAIR OF GAME BANTAMS.

TOMMY WARREN AND PAT. O'LEARY, THE FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILISTS, HAVE A MERRY MILL AT MULDRAUGH STATION, NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the
Arenic Events of the Week.

Jimmy Collins and Jim Marshall, both of this city, fought a four-round glove fight in private on Saturday night, Nov. 6. The referee declared it a draw.

Tommy Danforth, feather-weight champion of America, and Jack Harline of Philadelphia, are matched to fight with skin tight gloves for \$250 a side and the feather-weight championship within 4 weeks.

Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, knocked out Fatty Langtry at Clark's, Philadelphia, Saturday last. Langtry never could box. He is built like a tub, and used to make a burlesque act with Fatty Rush at Harry Hill's.

John L. Sullivan and Paty Cardiff signed articles and put up a forfeit of \$500 each for a six-round contest, Marquis of Queensberry rules, to take place in this city about January 1, the winner to take 75 per cent, and the loser 25 per cent of the gate receipts.

Parson Davies, the well-known sporting manager, left Chicago on Nov. 3, for San Francisco, where, on the 11th, he expects to direct the ten-round glove match between Burke and Dempsey. Davies expressed confidence that not less than 8,000 people would be present at the contest.

Since John McAuliffe defeated Billy Frazier, he is anxious to fight Dempsey. McAuliffe called at the Police Gazette office on Nov. 2, and notified Richard K. Fox that he would arrange a match with Dempsey and that he had friends who would find a purse of \$1,500 for him to meet Dempsey.

The glove fight between John Regan and John Spencer at Prof. John Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on Nov. 4, was decided a draw by the referee after a lively tussle. James Maloney knocked out Jack White in 3 rounds, and William Moore was declared the victor in a contest with Robert McCartney.

Lem McGregor, the St. Joe Kid, a middle-weight, filled the past week at the Comique, Philadelphia, boxing all comers in his class. Monday night he met Jim Daly, of Chicago, in a 4-round contest, and was declared the winner by Referee Pete McCoy. In the second round he had Daly fought to a standstill.

Jack McAuliffe, of Brooklyn, E. D., the young Williamsburg pugilist who defeated Billy Frazier, received a royal welcome on reaching home. His friends, with a band of music, escorted him to his saloon, where he was presented with a mammoth floral horseshoe. He says "Frazier is a good one," and that he received the fairest of fair play from all the Bostonians he met.

Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, continues to successfully climb up the pugilistic ladder and gain additional fame in the arena. At Clark's Olympic theatre, Philadelphia, on Nov. 2 Conley fought Denny Keltner. The conditions were 4 rounds Queensberry rules. After a few preliminary feints, Conley landed his right on Keltner's jaw, and the terrific blow sent the burly Philadelphia down with a rush, and he lay insensible for several minutes. Conley was declared the winner. The contest lasted 1 minute 10 seconds.

Sporting circles in England are greatly excited over a match that has been arranged between Jem Mace and Charley Mitchell for £100 a side. Mace and Mitchell met in a sporting saloon and had a hot discussion about scientific boxing and pugilism generally, when Mitchell offered to fight Mace with or without gloves. Mace refused to engage in a prize fight, claiming that he was too old to train, but he agreed to box Mitchell with gloves, according to Queensberry rules, for £100 a side. A place of meeting was named and the rivals met, posted their money and signed articles to box four rounds, Queensberry rules, for £100 a side, open to £500 a side. The arranging of the match has created quite a sensation among the members of the Central and other clubs in London. Mace is confident he will win, although he is nearly thirty years Mitchell's senior.

Fully twenty-five hundred people collected at the Herring Run, three miles east of the city of Baltimore, on Monday afternoon, Nov. 8, to witness the boxing match for points, between Jack Kilrain and Frank Herald. The sun was nearly down when the men entered the 24 foot ring. Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the Police Gazette, was referee. Kilrain was attended by Tom Evans and Johnnie Murphy, and Herald by Ned Mallahan and Jimmy Ryan. Kilrain commenced offensive work when time was called, and in a few minutes got in three wicked blows on Herald's face, bringing blood each time. Herald ried a rush and received a terrific blow in the mouth followed by one under the chin that sent him off his feet. "Stop that fight!" shouted Deputy Sheriff Risbaw and Captain Farnam, as Herald lay bleeding from mouth and nose and panting heavily, and the city police leaped over the ropes and collared the pugilists. Referee Harding decided the match a draw. Kilrain took 50 per cent of the gate money, making about \$1,000. Herald got the rest and left for Philadelphia.

A prize fight between Bill Dunn, of Philadelphia, and Paddy Smith, of England, was decided on Nov. 3, near this city. The contest was for a purse of \$300, Queensberry rules, with skin gloves. Smith was seconded by Tommy Danforth and Jack Kenny, and Mike Gibbons and a friend were Dunn's seconds. After some good sparring on both sides Dunn landed a heavy blow on Smith's face, and a lively exchange followed. The men clinched, broke away, and went at each other fiercely, keeping it up until time was called. The second round was opened by Dunn, who forced the fight, and struck his antagonist when and where he pleased. Smith's friends yelled encouragement, and he went at his man with new life, landing a terrific right hander on Dunn's left eye and nearly closing it. Dunn staggered like a drunken man. In the third round blood was seen trickling from Dunn's nose, and first blood was claimed for Smith and allowed. Dunn's friends swarmed into the ring, making it almost impossible for the men to fight. The men came up and began pounding each other heavily. Dunn hit Smith a terrific blow in the stomach, and followed it up with a right hander on Smith's neck. This seemed to daze Smith, and he staggered around in a groggy way. Then Dunn moved up to Smith and swung his right hand heavily, catching Smith a clipping blow below the left ear and knocking him senseless. The majority of the crowd, when they saw the condition of the defeated boxer, fled from the stable, and got away from the scene. The referee declared Dunn the winner. The battle lasted 10 minutes 50 seconds. Smith's friends got him on his feet after a little work. He is a good man, but he disabled his right hand in the first round and had to fight the rest of the battle with one hand. Both men were badly punished. The backers of the men want them to fight again for a big stake in about two weeks.

There is every likelihood of a match being arranged between Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, and John McAuliffe, the light-weight champion of America, for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt Richard K. Fox has decided to offer to represent the light-weight championship. For some time past Gilmore has been eager to enter the arena and contend against either Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia; Billy Frazier, of Boston, or McAuliffe, but although he has time and again challenged his rivals and backed up his bets with a forfeit, none of them have so far had the courage to face the plucky Irish Canadian. McAuliffe would have made a match to fight Gilmore, but he wanted to meet Billy Frazier, who claimed to be the light-weight champion. Now he has defeated the New England boxer, he may meet Gilmore. Gilmore writes from Montreal to Richard K. Fox that McAuliffe, now he has defeated Billy Frazier, should not hesitate in arranging a match to fight him for \$1,000 a side and the light weight championship of America, and that if McAuliffe's backers desire to arrange a match all they have to do is to deposit a forfeit with the Police Gazette, and he will make a match to fight with or without gloves, according to London prize ring or Queensberry rules, for \$1,000 and the championship of light weights. The battle to be decided within fifty miles of Detroit, where a contest can be brought off without any interference. Further Gilmore states that if Richard K. Fox decides to offer the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt to represent the light weight championship of America that he will be the first challenger to contend for the trophy and defend it against any challenger. Gilmore is a well-known member of the Isthmian division. He has gained considerable reputation in the arena and won many a hard-fought battle. His backers are William R. Bingham, of Toronto; George Cooper and John P. Soboles. Sporting men of Toronto are eager to arrange the match on behalf of Gilmore, and if McAuliffe has backers who will put up \$1,000 with Richard K. Fox there will be no hitch in arranging the preliminaries. Richard K. Fox is having a light-weight belt made. It will be a fac simile of the belt Jack Dempsey now holds against all middle weights, and will be valued at \$1,000. It will be open for all men not exceeding 133 pounds to contend for, and will be the champion's trophy at the above weight.

At Highland Falls, N. Y., recently, there was a slashing glove contest between Matt A. Swesey, who bears the reputation of the Midget, and who is twenty years of age, 5 feet 1 1/2 inches and weighs 102 pounds and Jack Drew, with whom Swesey fought a draw with parenchymatous boxing gloves on Oct. 20, and who is eighteen years of age, 5 feet 1 inch and weighs 100 pounds. Both knights of modern chivalry had trained and were in fine trim for the mill. A ring was formed at an early hour, and all the preliminaries having been arranged, the athletes appeared in full boxing rig, their hands being covered with parenchymatous boxing gloves in order to shun the law. Matt was seconded by Bobby Arthur, a teacher of the classic art to the members of the Golden Root Athletic Club, and Billy Fitzpatrick, of West Point Military Academy. Jack was seconded by Jake Kingsler and Prof. Walter Betts, of Joe Haight's School of Arms at Fort Montgomery, N. Y. Paddy F. Flinn, of Dublin, was chosen referee. After the usual formalities, the rivals faced each other for the fray. In the first round both would-be Sullivan seemed to be eager to force the combat, and struck out fearlessly. Matt sparred well, but guarded his anatomy carefully. Jack finally led off with a tremendous right hander on Matt's chewing organ, and the latter replied on Jack's smeller, and quickly countered under the left ear and felled him. The blood spouted out from Jack's mouth, nose and ear. First blood and knock-down for Matt was claimed and allowed. In the second round there was considerable caution and a good deal of give-and-take science, but resulted in favor of Matt. The next round was brisk, but brief. They banged away in close quarters till they were carried to their corners before they had been fighting two minutes. In the fourth round Matt made free use of his muffed battering rams, and time after time reached his rival's face and body without ever being stopped. The fifth round was all in the favor of Matt, who could clearly do as he liked with his rival, on whom the repeated frontal visitations and the fast fighting were rapidly having their effect. With an upper cut from the left he was knocked off his legs. Round after round was fought, all of which were in Matt's favor. After they had been fighting half an hour both gladiators were battered and bruised, especially Jack. Jake Kingsler did all he could to make Jack rush the combat, but Matt's tremendous blows were too much for him. Jack planted some terrific blows on Matt's face and body in the last rounds of the contest, but it was plain that he was overmatched. After fighting forty minutes both athletes were used up. It had been mutually agreed that the athletes should only combat one hour. At the expiration of that time the referee declared the contest a draw.

Near Muldraugh Hill, Meade county, Ky., Monday afternoon, Nov. 8, Tommy Warren and Paty O'Leary fought twelve rounds with kid gloves for the championship (featherweight) and \$1,000 a side. A train of five cars carried over 1,500 from Louisville to the grounds. It was twenty minutes past two o'clock when "Chick" Cartmore, a well-known sport of this city, was decided upon as referee, and five minutes later the men stepped into the ring. Both men used lavender kid gloves with half fingers and were stripped to the waist. They were in fine condition, weighing 118 pounds each. Jack Millet, of Cincinnati, seconded O'Leary, and Ned Morrill, of Louisville, acted for Warren. Round 1—When time was called O'Leary at once forced the fighting and tapped Warren twice lightly and escaped without counter. 2—This round was spent in sparring, no blows being struck. Odds of two to one on Warren found no takers. 3—O'Leary led several times for Warren's face and they clinched several times, Warren sparring for an opening. 4—O'Leary hit Warren on the mouth, scoring first blood, Warren countering heavily on his cheek and a moment later got in a heavy one on O'Leary's neck. Both clinched and fought at short range, when time was called. 5—This round opened with heavy slugging in the face on both sides. They clinched and Warren choked O'Leary, but no foul was allowed. 6—Warren forced the fighting from the start and punched O'Leary terribly on the mouth. He had the best of it, and O'Leary's face was covered with blood and his left eye closed. 7—Warren led, striking O'Leary in the face, and received a counter on the side. O'Leary then made a rush and forced Warren around the ring. When time was called Warren struck O'Leary in the face, and a foul was claimed. Great excitement ensued but a foul was not allowed. 8—This round opened with continuous sparring, and both clinched. Warren then got in a good one on O'Leary's mouth and he received a heavy counter on the throat. 9, 10 & 11—In these rounds no material points were scored by either man, the time being consumed in sparring. 12—After opening cautiously both men made a rush and clinched. They were ordered to break away, and as they did so Warren struck O'Leary a heavy swinging blow with his right hand on the left jaw. A foul was claimed by O'Leary's backer, and he passed under the ropes and out of the ring. The referee did not allow the foul, and O'Leary was brought back. The referee consumed 15 minutes in reading the rules, and decided that O'Leary had committed a foul in leaving the ring and awarded the fight to Warren. Neither man was badly hurt. Warren's lip is cut, and O'Leary's face, eye and mouth show slight punishment. There is much dissatisfaction over the result, though it is generally thought that Warren made the best showing and would have won the fight on its merits had they fought to a finish.

The following sweeping challenge was received at this office Nov. 4:

EL PASO, TEX., Oct. 29, 1888.

To The Sporting Editor

I send you by the morning mail a copy of challenge issued by Wm. S. Stoneman of this town to Sullivan or Ryan. Stoneman is well known to me, and I think it might be of interest to your paper to know something of him. He was raised in the village of Cardiff, New York, and is now about 28 years old. He is of immense size, being something over 6 feet 3 1/2 inches in height, and weighing over 250 pounds. He seems to have little realization of his strength or powers of endurance. He will allow the most powerful men in El Paso to approach and strike him upon the naked breast without flinching or evincing signs of pain. He is slow to anger and dislikes any prolonged effort, never seeks or avoids a quarrel and is exceedingly reticent and uncommunicative. I am surprised that his friends have persuaded him to issue a challenge to Sullivan, who is known to be more scientific and far more active, though I doubt his ability to knock Stoneman out. Sporting men here will back the El Paso man heavily if he can get him in fighting trim. The fight, if it comes off, ought to be in El Paso, as there is no danger of police interference, and we have excellent railroad facilities in every direction and occupy a central position on the American continent.

JUAN K. BODES, P. O. Box 199.

The following is the challenge:

EL PASO, TEXAS, Oct. 29, 1888.

To John L. Sullivan or Paddy Ryan:

After the fight at San Francisco on the 16th of November, I will fight the winner for money, ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side. The fight to be with or without gloves. I make but one proviso, and that is that the fight shall come off in or near the city of El Paso. I will pay the expenses of either Sullivan or Ryan from the city of San Francisco, and in case I win the fight he shall have half the gate money. I will meet the winner of the fight in San Francisco, wherever he designates, within one thousand miles from this city, provided he gives me assurances that he will fight. Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, to be final stakeholder.

WILLIAM R. STONEMAN.

In regard to Stoneman's deft, the El Paso Evening Tribune says: "On the sixteenth of November the greatest slugger match that ever came off in the world, will take place in San Francisco. In view of this fact the question was raised in this city among the sporting men, whether a fight could not be arranged for this city, as the combatants return. This talk resurrected the old dream, William S. Stoneman, who is the right-hand bower of St. Ryan. Mr. Ryan broached the subject to Mr. Stoneman, and the more the ex-fighter thought over the matter, the more he was convinced that he could not keep out of the ring. The El Paso man weighs 221 pounds, is made like an Apollo, and is one of the most athletic specimens of humanity that could be conceived of. A committee of the leading sporting men of the city waited on Stoneman this morning, and after a great deal of preliminary talk, he consented to enter the ring against the winner of the fight at San Francisco. The above challenge will talk for itself."

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

Montreal proposes to have a championship skating meeting.

Lucky Baldwin has refused an offer of \$30,000 for Volante.

Ryan and Sullivan are to meet in their glove contest at San Francisco, Nov. 15.

Plaisted says that O'Connell, of Portland, is the fastest amateur sculler in America.

John Teemer has offered Dave Godwin ten seconds start over the Thames championship course.

Chie Reynolds beat P. Cummings in a 100-yard foot race on Nov. 7, at Pastime Park, for a stake of \$100 a side.

Capt. J. H. Dalton, the well-known pugilist, has opened a liquor saloon at 109 South Halstead street, Chicago.

The first match between Shafer and Slosson at cushion caroms will be played at St. Louis on the 27th, at Masonic Hall.

W. J. Hefelont, sporting editor of the Boston Herald, was recently presented with a medal at the South Boston Orib Club meeting.

James Daley of Boston, conquered John Connors of New York, at Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest on Nov. 4, in a 4 round glove contest.

Benny Jones, of Paterson, N. J., the light weight wrestler, offers to wrestle any 150-pound man in America, catch-as-catch-can, for \$250 a side.

Fred Archer, England's famous jockey, now finds it difficult to get below 120 pounds, and will find it hard work to ride at 125-year-old-weights another season.

In the game of foot-ball at Carlisle, Pa., last week, E. H. Garrison of Dickinson College, was thrown heavily, ruptured a blood vessel and died in a few seconds.

A strong effort is being made to induce the Yale and Princeton clubs to play their Thanksgiving Day football game at the Polo Grounds. The admission money will be far greater here than at Princeton.

The umpire's occupation's gone. He will now spend the winter months in preparing statistics showing how many times he was mobbed during this season and how many times he ought to have been and was not.

The "Herald," San Francisco, says: "If Burke's performance with Carr is a specimen of what he can do when forced to hard work, he will have a very small chance in his coming match with Dempsey."

Jack O'Brien, who was, at his own request, released by the Athletic Club, has been on the outs for a couple of years with Lew Simmons. Either Brooklyn or Cincinnati will probably secure O'Brien's services.

The four-oared shell race for £100 between Hanlan, Teemer, Hamm and Ten Eyck in one boat, and Ross, Lee, Buebar and Perkins in the other, was rowed on Nov. 8 over the Thames course. Hanlan's crew won easily.

The international match between the Canadian football team and the team selected from the clubs forming the American Football Association will take place Thanksgiving Day on the O. N. T. Club's ground, at East Newark.

Now that the base ball season is over the editors of the American monthlies will receive more "war articles" than ever. The umpires who have safely passed through severe battles and hot skirmishes must do something for a living.

At Oak Point, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, a four-handed match at 15 live birds each, Hurlingham rules, will be shot between James Pilkington and Annie Oakley on the one side, and Messrs. Quinlan and Rich on the other, for \$50 a side.

Jack Dempsey writes that he will arrive in New York from San Francisco about the middle of December, and that he will make New York his home. He expects to fight Charley Mitchell in this city for \$2,500 a side and a purse of \$1,500.

The spring meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club at Sheepshead Bay for 1887 will begin June 9, with the Suburban on the programme, and end June 20. The estimated value of the Futurity stakes, to close Jan. 1, with \$10,000 added, is \$75,000.

The Great Shropshire handicap was run at Shrewsbury, Eng., on Nov. 4, and was won by Sanctuary by a neck. Lord Capell's three-year-old bay colt, Argus was second, two lengths ahead of Lady C. I. K. Let's three-year-old bay filly The Dream.

Wm. F. Conley, of the Shawmut Rowing Club, and John D. Ryan, of the Bradford Boat Club, met in a 1 1/2-mile straight-away, single scull race on the Charles river, Boston, on Nov. 1, for the amateur championship of New England and a prize of a \$100 cup. Conley won in 10 minutes 4 seconds by four lengths.

The Yale Athletic Association enjoyed a paper race on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 6. The course was nine miles in length, and the hares had 10 minutes start. Phelps, '87, was the first hound in and won the first prize, a silver medal. Goodwin, '80, won the spectator's prize, which was also a silver medal.

Miss Annie Oakley won first and James Pilkington second prize in a clay pigeon shoot—10 birds each, entrance \$300—at Oak Point, on Saturday last. In a live pigeon shoot that followed, J. Hughes, sixty-five years of age, won first money and William Ward second, out of twenty one entries. Three hundred birds were killed.

As some dissatisfaction has been expressed in the American Football Association about the way in which the ties are being played off, it is proposed to alter the existing rules and make them tournamental in style—each club to play one match against every other club in the association—the winner of most games to receive the cup.

Miss Annie Oakley, of the "Police Gazette" rifle team, Butler and Oakley, has been spending her leisure time in riding races at the numerous fairs and giving exhibitions at rifle shooting. In her line of business she has no equal, and will continue one of the many stars at the Wild West when they open at Madison Square Garden.

E. L. Williams, boat builder, formerly of Lowell, who located his shop at South Boston two years ago and began yacht building, is satisfied that he can make yacht building successful financially and also get a reputation for building fast craft for cruising and racing, and has determined to settle in South Boston permanently with his family.

M. H. Kettleman, of Kansas, defeated Charles Gibson, of California, on Nov. 8, in a 100-yard foot race for the championship of America and \$3,000. His time was 14 1/2 seconds. Over \$100,000 was wagered on the result. Kettleman sprang almost immediately to the front at the start and kept ahead to the end, coming out four feet ahead of Gibson. Over 5,000 persons witnessed the race.

The "Police Gazette's" correspondent at British Columbia, says: "Capt. Billett, of the Victoria Police, has challenged Capt. Peabody, of the Antelope, to row a race in the ship's dingies from the Hastings wharf to Moodyville and back, on time. The contest will come off some time during the present week. The stakes will be \$1,000. It is expected that the event will be observed by hundreds of the residents in this locality."

A 72-hour race (18 hours a day, 6 days) will be commenced Monday, Dec. 20, at the Rink building, Philadelphia; \$1,200 in money prizes will be divided as follows: First, \$300; second, \$200; third, \$100; and to the fifth place entrance money, \$25, provided 300 miles are covered. A special prize of \$100 in gold will be given the winner if he beats the best 72-hour record. The Philadelphia Item also offers a handsome gold medal on same conditions.

On Nov. 5 the race for the Shrewsbury cup was run at Shrewsbury, Eng., and was won by the Duke of Beaufort's three-year-old bay filly Winter Cherry. Dalesman was second and Baya Brown third. Sir R. Jardine's five-year-old bay filly Bonnie Charlie, 94 pounds, was the only other starter. Winter Cherry won by a neck. Bay-a-Brown was a bad third. The betting was 2 to 1 against Winter Cherry, 9 to 2 against Dalesman, 2 to 1 against Bay-a-Brown and 3 to 1 against Bonnie Charlie.

After Fred Archer won the Lord Lieutenant's plate on Contingent at the Curragh races, Ireland, Lord Londonberry asked that Mrs. Know should be presented to him. Mrs. Know's only child, a son, was second in Contingent, and that lady was personally surprised when the Victoria presented her with the plate. This is Irish chivalry in earnest. The champion English jockey visited Ireland for the first time on Oct. 13. On the 21st he rode two races and won both. He met with a good Irish welcome.

At the Boston Press Club dinner, among the invited guests were Dr. A. J. Weiss, A. E. Deland, P. A. Searle, Harry Faxon and W. S. Crown. When dinner had been reached a very pleasant surprise occurred in the shape of the presentation of an elegant marble mantel clock and bureau statuette to Mr. William H. Hathaway, who for the past two years has most acceptably filled the position of secretary. The presentation speech was made by Mr. B. L. Seal of the Journal, and appropriately responded to by the beneficiary.

Jack Magie and Jim Pherson fought on Nov. 4, at a well-known resort near Philadelphia, with flawless kid gloves according to Marquis of Queensberry rules to a finish. Up to the 19th round the fight was remarkably even and severe, Pherson getting first blood. Pherson then came up because of the injury his right hand had sustained, and for 3 rounds not a blow was struck, and the referee then decided the fight to be a draw. The fight lasted for 1 hour 23 minutes. It was for \$100 a side and for a purse of \$200, contributed by a number of prominent men.

The single scull race for \$1,000 and the championship of British Columbia was rowed at Victoria between William Faine and Charles Bush on Oct. 18. Faine was the favorite in sporting circles and odds of 5 to 4 and 3 to 1 were freely offered. Faine won by four lengths; time, 20:30. Considerable money changed hands in the crowd, and the general opinion was that Faine had well earned his title once more to the championship of British Columbia, which he had held undisputed for two years against several fast scullers, whom he has beaten.

The usual bi-monthly gathering of the California Athletic Club, held Oct. 28, was marred by an incident that now claims the attention of the police court. Sergeant Nash, of the San Francisco police, with a couple of aids, gained admission to the gymnasium of the club, and as the principal event of the evening was announced, a set-to between Buffalo Costello and Con Rordan. Sergeant Nash placed the principals and Mr. J. C. Seymour, the club's manager, under arrest. They were taken to the Central Police station and held in \$100 bail each. The club mean to test the right of the officers to make the arrest.

Alfred A. McCaidy, of Lynn, Mass., beat Stillman G. Whitaker's Indiana record of 30 1/4 miles on a bicycle in 24 hours, starting 9 A. M., Nov. 5, and ending before 9 Saturday, Nov. 6, accomplishing 304 3/16 miles. Following is the official time:

Miles.	Start.	Finish.	Time.
50	9 00 A. M.	12 04 P. M.	3 04 00
100	2 08 25 P. M.	5 28 25 P. M.	3 20 00
150	5 39 30 P. M.	7 34 30 P. M.	10 21 30
200	7 51 10 P. M.	11 35 10 P. M.	14 35 00
250	12 00 40 A. M.	3 58 00 A. M.	18 58 00
300	4 24 45 A. M.	8 38 45 A. M.	23 14 00
350	8 38 00 A. M.	12 48 50 A. M.	23 10 00
304 3/16	8 48 50 A. M.	8 57 45 A. M.	23 57 45

E. C. Carter, champion long distance runner, in the ten mile amateur run held by the New York Athletic Club on its Mott Haven grounds, Saturday, Nov. 6, lowered the best American amateur record for 10 miles, 56 minutes 9 2/5 seconds—made by Thos. F. Delaney—doing the distance in 52 minutes 58 2/5 seconds. Carter's time by miles is as follows: First mile, 5 minutes 5 seconds; second, 10 minutes 20 2/5 seconds; third, 15 minutes 37 3/5 seconds; fourth, 20 minutes 46 seconds; fifth, 25 minutes 6 2/5 seconds; sixth, 31 minutes 29 seconds; seventh, 36 minutes 54 1/2 seconds; eighth, 42 minutes 19 seconds; ninth, 47 minutes 44 3/5 seconds; tenth, 52 minutes 58 2/5 seconds. Mr. William Wood acted as referee, with Messrs. N. G. Schuyler, B. C. Williams and G. D. Phillips judges; Messrs. Avery and Curtis, timekeepers, and Mr. Geo. Goldie, starter.

The John L. Sullivan combination opened at the Exposition rink, St. Paul, Minn., on Oct. 31, with an audience of over 5,000 persons. Preliminary set-toes were given between Tom Hinch, of Illinois, and Steve Taylor, ex-champion of the United States, and this was followed by a contest between Geo. La Blanche, "The Marine," of Boston, seconded by Jim McKohn and Dan Murphy of Boston, and Octavius Badaam, local middle weight. The latter was knocked senseless by a dizzy right hander in the Marine's third rush. Other set-toes between Carroll, of Boston, and La Blanche, Hinch and Keefe, or local heavy weights, and Sullivan and Taylor, closed the entertainment. Sullivan showed up in as good condition as ever in his life, weighing 270 pounds, and in perfect health. He has left off drinking, and he made a favorable impression.

The greatest number of points ever scored in a football match is 156. It was made by Harvard College Football Club in a match with the Exeter Club at Cambridge, Mass., on Nov. 3, 1886. Exeter played hard, but high tackling and poor passing gave the game easily to her opponent by a score of 156 to 0. Brooks and Rhodes did the best work for the home team, and Fletcher and Porter for Harvard. The personnel of the teams was as follows:—Harvard:—Rushers—Hoides, Bancroft, Wood, Brooks, captain, Woodman, Griffin and Harding. Quarter back—Fletcher. Half backs—Prater and Sears. Full back—Peabody. Substitute—Borden. Extra:—Rushers—Brooks, Knowles, Goldthwaite, Horne, Cranston, Willard and Rhodes. Quarter back—Huntington. Half backs—McPherson and Rhodes. Full back—McClung. Full back—Baker. Substitute—Kates, Frazier, Morrison, Van Enwagen and Ewing.

At the Exposition Building, at Omaha, recently, Jack Moynihan appeared in the balcony and announced that John S. Prince would ride fifty miles while Schock covered forty-nine, the winner to take a purse of \$100 and seventy per cent of the gate receipts, and the loser thirty per cent. The race was a remarkable one and Prince won in the remarkable time of 2 hours and 35 minutes, and breaking all indoor records up to fifty miles. Below is a table giving the time at the completion of every five miles:

Miles.	Time.
5 miles	14 45
10 miles	29 45
15 miles	43 11
20 miles	56 30
25 miles	1 13 08 1/2
30 miles	1 28 32
35 miles	1 45 00
40 miles	2 02 00
45 miles	2 18 15
50 miles	2 35 00

There are now virtually but three sets of rules under which the English game of football is played in England and America, viz., those of the English Football Association, those of the Rugby School of England, and those of the American Intercollegiate Association. A feature of the English Association rules is that the ball is not allowed to be carried or run with, nor can it be passed from one player to another while in the field of play, the game under these rules being more literally a game of football than under either the Rugby rules or those of the American College Association. The Rugby rules admit of carrying the ball; running in with it to the goal; passing it to other players; and, in fact, of all of the wrestling features of the American College games. The latter are, however, a modification of the Rugby rules in several respects. In the Rugby game, for instance, a match game can be decided only by a majority of goals scored. In case of a tie in goals then a majority of try-at-goals decides the match, and if no goal or try-at-goal be scored then the game is drawn. In the American rules, in the case of no goals being scored, touchdowns count, four touchdowns being equal to a goal. In case of neither goal nor touchdown being scored, safety touchdowns decide the match, the side in such cases which has been forced to make four more safety touchdowns than their opponents losing the match. It is singular that a code of rules revised by college students at a regular convention held for the purpose each year should be so badly worded and so full of holes in their construction as to be next to useless to a novice desirous of gaining some knowledge of the points of the game by studying the code. In the Intercollegiate Association rules for 1887 there is not the least system observed in the placing of the rules or their proper order; neither is there any plain definition of the technical terms used; besides which, there are apparently conflicting clauses. At any rate, the code, as at present worded, is a defective revision of the Rugby rules, with no such improvement in the wording as should characterize a written American book of rules.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

The action of the judges in ruling Meany and Pat on the track at Washington races on Oct. 28, was a feather in the judges' cap.

It was claimed they pulled Disturbance and Rushbrook and telegraphed to New York that Wellington would win the race.

I have recently noticed a large number of horses running in steepchases whose performances were at times irreconcilable with any theory except that of their being pulled.

This evil is growing to a lamentable extent, and if prompt action be not taken for its suppression I have no hesitation in saying that the turf will soon become an institution with which no honest man will remain identified. Steepchasing will certainly cease to be the pastime of gentlemen.

This is strong language, and it is with the sincerest regret that I apply it to any branch of racing. I would wish if I could to hide the unwelcome story, but I feel that the time has come when silence on my part would be a culpable acquiescence in and a condoning of a public scandal.

That the evil of which I complain has grown to a hideous magnitude, I am fully convinced; in fact, I have taken pains to satisfy myself of its existence since its presence was once forced upon me, and under these circumstances what could I do but call attention to its corrodive influence on a pastime which I still hold should be worthy of the patronage of honorable men.

Heretofore when a horse was pulled, an attempt was made to have the pulling done secretly. Now all desire to conceal the nefarious practice seems to have vanished, and I am not quite sure that I am going too far in asserting that there are some who glory in the pulling of their horses. This is, perhaps, the worst feature in this deplorable iniquity.

It is a beautiful parade of vice which shows that a low stratum of degradation has been reached. While there was shame there was hope that the matter would right itself, but now I am sure there is nothing but punishment can grapple with the existing crime.

I think it is hardly fair for a crusade to be made against amateur athletes, and bogus charges made that they are professionals as soon as they become proficient and are able to beat all competitors.

L. E. Myers was made to suffer time and again through the jealousy of members of rival clubs, merely because he could outrun their champions. Now Malcolm W. Ford one of the greatest amateurs in America, is charged with being a professional.

If Ford is disqualified from again entering amateur competitions, another physical wonder will be driven from the amateur ranks like Myers, merely because he excels all others in several branches of athletics.

Malcolm W. Ford is a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., is twenty-four years old, 5 feet 6 1/2 inches tall, and weighs about 145 pounds.

His standing jump, without weights, in which he cleared 10 feet 9 1/2 inches, has never been approached by an amateur. His feat of clearing 34 feet 4 1/2 inches in three standing jumps is also the best on record in the world for an amateur. In vaulting with one hand on a bar he has cleared 5 feet 3 1/2 inches, a feat never equaled.

In a recent competition to decide the "all round" athletic championship of America, Ford carried off the honors for the second time against a field of acknowledged ability.

He ran 100 yards in 10 2/5 seconds; a quarter of a mile in 54 1/2 seconds; 120 yards, over ten hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, in just over 17 1/2 seconds; threw a 56-pound weight 19 feet 4 1/2 inches; cleared 5 feet 5 1/2 inches in a high jump; put a 16-pound shot from the shoulder 36 feet 7 1/2 inches; vaulted with a pole 9 feet 3 inches; threw a 16-pound hammer 76 feet 3 inches, and cleared 20 feet 10 inches in the broad jump.

The competition was decided by allowing five points to the winner of a single event, three points to second man and one point to third man.

Mr. Ford secured 41 points in nine competitions, and being thus assured of the championship did not compete in the two other events.

I was not surprised to learn that during the pigeon tournament given by Al. Bandle, at Cincinnati, Officer Herron, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, placed Bandle under arrest for shooting live pigeons.

I expected, when I learned that such a tournament was to be held, that there would be trouble, for the shooting of live birds from traps in Ohio is a violation of a harsh law. Section 6361 of the laws of Ohio is as follows:

"Whoever overdrives, overloads, tortures, torments, deprives of necessary sustenance, or unnecessarily or cruelly beats, or needlessly mutilates or kills any animal, etc., shall be fined not more than \$200 nor less than \$5 or imprisoned not more than sixty days or both."

Since the arrest of Al. Bandle by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the matter of live bird shooting has been very earnestly discussed by Cincinnati sportsmen, and the majority of them, I think, sanction the S. P. C. A. in preventing the useless killing of pigeons for money making.

I have heard of many queer contests, such as a pig and a dog fighting, a badger and a bull dog, but a contest between a lizard and an alligator is something rare and novel.

In the building occupied by the Fish Commission at Washington, there was a desperate battle recently fought by a gila (pronounced beta) monster from the Gila river in Arizona, the only species of lizard whose bite is known to be poisonous, and the victim was a two-year-old alligator from Florida. The monster is about 14 inches long and about twice the weight of its antagonist. Both reptiles were in a semi-torpid condition, having ceased to take food a week or two ago; and for some purpose they had been removed from their glass cases and placed beside each other upon the stone floor. An attendant inadvertently touched the alligator's tail and caused him to move sluggishly toward a few inches, when he came in contact with the blunt nose of the monster.

The snakey eyes of the latter lighted up with a gleam of satanic malevolence; its black lips opened wide and its jaws closed with a snap upon the fore paw of the alligator. The prisoner developed unexpected activity, and, though taken at a sad disadvantage, made for a time a gallant fight for its liberty and its life. Its movements were marvellously quick, and its jaws closed a dozen times in succession upon the mailed head of the assailant. It soon, however, became exhausted, and, moaning like a suffering child, it relapsed into quiescence.

The attendants sought by a variety of means to release the wretched alligator, but were compelled, as may be supposed, to be very careful in handling the venomous "monster."

He was seized by the tail and held up in the air, taken by the bloated neck and choked severely; plunged under water and maltreated in other ways, but to no purpose. Then sharp wires were thrust into his nose, and finally a large towel was forced into his mouth, but such was the force of his grip that the steel blade, though considerably bent in the effort, failed to release the imprisoned paw.

Then the pair were replaced in the glass case which had been occupied by the monster, and again the alligator renewed its struggles, thrashing its enemy with its tail and snapping at it with its jaws. In its struggles it had dislocated its shoulder, and its imprisoned limb became limp and powerless. Its moanings were pitiful, and the attendants were moved to renewed, and, at last, successful efforts to effect a separation. The towel was reintroduced into the monster's mouth with no very gentle thrusts, and probably inflicted a severe wound in some tender part.

Bubbles of greenish slime were exuded from mouth and nostrils, and finally the jaws slowly opened. Even then it was a work of several minutes to disengage the hooked fangs from the wounded paw. The combatants were placed in their separate receptacles, the monster lapping his thick black lips with his greenish, forked tongue, while the alligator closed its eyes, probably to die of the venom in its system.

I have time and again read statements made by turf scribes that Harry Bassett was not a first-class racehorse.

It is my opinion that the turf scribes that would pen such statements to paper must either be amateurs on the turf or else totally ignorant of the great race horse that ran the great race at Monmouth Park when John C. Heenan, Harry Genet, etc., backed him with thousands to beat the great Southern horse Longfellow.

The redoubtable Harry Bassett, one of the best racehorses the world has ever known, brought only \$315 as a yearling, yet he vanquished all the great racers of his era, and won \$50,000 in stakes and purses.

Glenmore cost only \$175 as a yearling, and won \$35,000 on the turf. Bramble cost \$450, and won \$32,000 during his career as a racehorse, and sold for \$5,000 as a stallion when he was six.

Vigil cost \$210 as a yearling, yet he won \$24,750 in stakes as a 3-year-old alone, and sold with another horse for \$25,000.

Tom Ochiltree brought only \$800 as a yearling, and sold for \$7,000 at the end of his 3d year, after he had won \$10,500, and the next year he won \$23,845.

Parole brought \$750 as a yearling and won \$33,000. Foxhall sold for \$650 as a yearling and won \$63,125.

Luke Blackburn brought only \$510 and won \$49,455. Gildella brought only \$300 as a yearling; Sly Dance, \$405; Bancroft, \$175; Boatman, \$350; yet these four won some \$60,000 in prizes. Brambleta brought only \$600 and won \$20,263. Bootjack brought only \$300 and won \$43,963. Ripple actually brought only \$60, and yet he won \$6,855 and was second only to Hundo as a three-year-old. Florida brought only \$23 and won \$35,082.50 in stakes. Wallenstein sold for \$605 as a yearling, and a year later was disposed of for \$9,000. Springbok brought only \$430 as a yearling. He sold at two for \$2,500 and was the champion of his era, winning \$19,750 in stakes.

These figures speak of what has been accomplished by the purchase of moderately-priced yearlings of former years.

Now let us note those of the past few seasons whose racing exploits are more fresh in the minds of our readers.

Mr. Bryant purchased Gen. Harding, by Great Tom, for \$550. The colt won \$16,635 as a two-year-old, and Bryant refused \$15,000 for him. Col. Bruce paid only \$300 for Tyrant, and sold him eight months later for \$5,000, and the colt won \$11,110 in stakes last season. Col. Bruce paid only \$280 for Economy and sold her for \$2,500, we believe, at two. Tom Martin, by Longfellow, cost Mr. Fox only \$375 as a yearling, and he has won some \$13,662. Modesty cost \$225 as a yearling, and she has won some \$40,479.

Her mate, Lizzie Dwyer, cost Mr. Corrigan only \$425 at the Woodburn yearling sale, and she has won \$20,670 in stakes. Mr. Corrigan, likewise, got Irish Pat cheap enough as a yearling for \$300, and last year the colt won \$14,915. The fillet filly, Wanda, who won \$7,500 as a two-year-old, cost only \$375. As a yearling Lofin cost \$350, and Little B. cost. Decoy Duck cost Mr. Farrar \$450 as a yearling, and as a two-year-old he refused \$12,000 for her.

He paid only \$300 for Telle Doe, who has won twenty times that much. Mr. Williams paid for Bob Miles, as a yearling, only \$500, and the horse has won \$25,025.

I have already alluded to Tyrant; but take some of the other three-year-olds of last season. Mr. Pate bought Editor for \$400 as a yearling, and he has won \$10,000. Favor cost \$170 as a yearling, is said to have been sold for \$12,000 at three, and has won \$17,500 in stakes.

Mr. Williams paid only \$955 for Joe Cotton, but he was as cheap as dirt, for he has won \$22,000 in stakes and a fortune in bets.

Of last season's two-year-olds I need only mention that the invincible Bankrupt cost, as a yearling, only \$400, and Biggston sold for \$500, and "squandered" colts and fillies which sold for nearly ten times as much.

I think, owing to the lowering of records by bicycle riders and the fact that so many are about equal in speed at various distances, that it will be necessary in the near future to the riders to be all classified the same as trotters.

The amateurs want it, the professionals are anxious for it, and every one may feel assured that the pulse of the clubs beats in that direction. The number of wheelmen that have beaten 3 minutes, and even 2 minutes 50 seconds, in amateur circles, is very large, indeed, and the racing fever will develop to a much greater extent next season, when riders will be put into classes where they will have a chance to win a prize.

The young rider now has no chance against Foster, Rich, DeBlasio, Crist and Gaskill. Put him in the class where he belongs, and he will be encouraged, and his class will develop and increase. The result will be seen to be a great stimulus to racing. So, too, in the professional classes. There is no fun or excitement in seeing Rowe, Woodside and Hendee win every race in which they enter. If the other men were put in a contest where the result would not be foreshadowed, matters would be far more successful and satisfactory.

With handicaps, class and limit races, the season of 1887 will open full of promise. Results have shown, however, how hesitantly the handicapper dealt with Rowe in almost every race. The scratch man should not be overburdened; he should have at least a fair chance to win. But away with that class of races, unsatisfactory to spectator and rider alike, the lap races, where the winner gets left as often as he gets a prize.

This system has worked no more satisfactorily this season at its inception. The only way out of the difficulty would be to give a prize to both the winner and the one capturing the most laps. The races of next season, excluding, as they will, the name of promoter, will furnish larger prizes and better incentives for professionals, though the money will be competed for by more riders than in the past.

One of the sensations in the 78-hour pedestrian race at Boston was Guerrero, the dark-skinned Mexican from the Pacific Slope. On the first day he ran and walked round the track, which was 14 laps to the mile, against twenty contestants and covered 85 miles 4 laps in 12 hours. The best previous record for 12 hours is 80 miles 800 yards, made by George Littlewood, at Westminster, Eng., on Nov. 24, 1884.

LATEST SPORTING.

Porter Ashe has left for California with his string of racers.

Fitzpatrick will ride for the Fairfax stables next season.

It is said that Shephard, of Yale, will soon attempt to lower the 220-yard running record.

Duffy, of Michigan University, is credited with the best football punt on record, 168 feet 7 1/2 inches.

The faculty at Trinity has forbidden the football eleven to play with Yale, Princeton or Wesleyan.

Beck, formerly of the Yale football eleven, is playing with the eleven of the University of Pennsylvania.

After Jack Dempsey meets Jack Burke he is coming on to this city with his wife, when he will probably go into business.

Thompson and Freese, well-known on the Pacific Coast, ran 125 yards at San Francisco, Oct. 10, the former winning by three yards in 13 1/2 seconds.

James Murphy, who so successfully trained the Haggin string this season is said to have been offered \$12,500 by Mr. Haggin for his services next season.

Lord Lonsdale, who accompanied Violet Cameron to this country, and has since returned to England, has won over 50 silver cups and other trophies as an athlete.

North Brookfield's Batchelder hook and ladder company has covered the forfeit money of \$100 deposited by the Rescue company of Westboro to blind the match made at Worcester.

The champion Canadian football team is to visit New York and play a game against a combined team picked from the different American football associations about Thanksgiving time.

George Littlewood has challenged Charles Rowell to a six-day go-as-you-please race, to occur in London, Eng., ten weeks from signing articles, for \$500 a side. He agrees to leave the race open to all comers.

In the American Football Union championship series the Crickets, of Stevens Institute, defeated the Union, of Columbia College, after a close contest, by a score of 18 points to 6, at New York, on Nov. 1.

At Montreal, on Oct. 30, a championship quest match for the champion gold medal took place between the Montreal (champions) and Ormstown clubs. Montreal retained the championship by 78 shots to 51.

Thomas F. Delaney and an unknown ran one mile at Morrisania, N. Y., on Nov. 1, for \$250 a side. Delaney won by 5 yards in 2 minutes 38 seconds. It was reported that the unknown was John Raine, of Ottawa, Can.

Mamie Wood, 2:27 1/4, completely knocked out Nut-broaker's two-year-old record of 2:29 at the recent State Breeders' meeting at Rochester. Mamie Wood is by Wood's Hambletonian; dam Mary Ann (dam of Chester F., 2:28 1/4), by Magnolia.

Recently in a wrestling match at Cleveland Duncan Ross threw Lucien Marc Christol so hard that he broke two of his ribs. Ross is a wonderful athlete, possesses great strength, and he is not afraid to meet any athlete in the arena in a wrestling bout.

La Sylphide is credited with lowering the mile and a quarter record at the recent Lexington meeting. With 38 pounds up she ran the distance in 2:07 1/4. This equals the record, but does not beat it. Blucette, with 101 pounds up, ran the distance in the same time at the summer meeting at Washington Park, Chicago.

A two-year-old pacing filly belonging to the Brier Hill Stock Farm, near Lexington, Ky., is credited with having created a decided sensation recently. With only a few weeks' handling she is said to have paced a quarter-mile in 34 seconds.

The filly is by Forrest Glencoe, son of Edwin Forrest, dam by American Clay.

A phenomenal deed has been accomplished in England by the famous trotting horse Juggler. He was matched by John Cooper at odds of £100 to £200 to trot 10 miles in 30 minutes.

The match took place on Tuesday, when Juggler won by some seconds to spare. It will be remembered that on a previous occasion he failed by 3 seconds, but the latter performance is an evidence of the judgment of Cooper in laying such odds on the performance of the feat.

There was a desperate dog fight fought in a barn in Newton, Mass., on Nov. 3, between the 38-pound white bulldog Sharper, of Providence, and the 30-pound Boston dog Meely, 125 persons being present. Sharper for the first ten minutes had the best of the battle, but his hold was then broken. After the usual resting spell the fight was renewed, Meely assuming the aggressive, and after a savage fight the latter dragged his opponent about the pit as a cat would a mouse. Over \$800 changed hands. A new match is to be fought at an early date.

Recently the Emerald Hose Company, of Cortland, N. Y., in a contest with the J. D. Servis running team of Amsterdam, for a purse of \$600 and the championship of the State were successful in winning, time, 4 1/2 seconds. The race was from standing start running 14 men cars weighing 400 pounds strip, ran 200 yards to hydrant, remove cap of hydrant, lay 100 yards of hose, break coupling three times, pump on 3 thread, carrying 350 feet of hose in all. Runners all regular members of company. This time is the best on record under above conditions.

On Nov. 2, Yale University again showed that as football experts few can touch them. The strong eleven of the Crescent Athletic Club were easily whitewashed by the agile collegians after a gallant struggle. Fully twelve hundred people looked on at the contest and evinced the greatest interest in the game. During the first half Burke had his lip cut and one or two teeth knocked out, and Robinson took his place in Yale's rush line. In the second half Edwards made a fine run for the Crescents and had nearly got into touch when a tackle by one of Yale's half backs tore his knickerbockers to rags, and he had to retire and change.

This was the nearest approach to a touchdown that the Crescents made. After Morrison had touched down and Watkinson had kicked the goal—6 points—the Crescents had to touch down twice for safety—4 points. Then Gill and Beecher touched down, goals being kicked in both instances by Watkinson—12 points. Touchdowns by Morrison and Corwin only scored 8 points, the tries being failures. A safety—2 points—and a goal kicked from the field by Watkinson—5 points—finished what was quite an interesting contest, Yale winning by a clean score of 25 to 0. The teams were made up as follows:

Yale University.—Bushers—Corwin (captain), Burke, Woodruff, Corbin, Carter, Gill and Wallace. Quarter back—Beecher. Half backs—Watkinson and Morrison. Full back—Bull.

Crescent Athletic.—Ford (captain), J. Vernon, P. Vernon, H. La Marche, M. La Marche, Chapman and Edwards. Quarter back—Boughton. Halfbacks—Stevens and Smith. Full back—Adams.

Time of game—one hour and a half. Referee—Walter Camp.

The following are the articles of agreement ratifying a match between Hanlan and Tom Erik, on the one part, and Ross and Leo, on the other, to row a double-screw race on the 19th inst. Articles of Agreement entered into this day between Edward Hanlan of Toronto and James Ten Erik of Worcester, Mass., on the one part, and Wallace Ross of St. John, New Brunswick, and George Lee of New Jersey, on the other, to row a straightaway double-screw race from two shifts moored twenty yards apart at the West London railway bridge to Gwynne's Engineering Works, below Hammersmith bridge, on Saturday, November 13, 1888, in boat and best basis, for the sum of £100 (one hundred) a side (open to 2:00 a side), the men to be in their boats ready to start at 2:30 P. M. The race to be rowed according to such of the new Thames National rules as are applicable. To start by mutual consent, but if not off within 15 minutes of the time fixed the umpire to start the men by signal or otherwise. The first deposit of £25 a side is now made good with the editor of the *Sportman*, and the final deposit of £75 a side will have to be made good on Tuesday, November 9, 1886, at the Star and Garter, Putney, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock. The editor of the *Sportman* is hereby appointed final stakeholder. The umpire to be chosen at the time of the final deposit. But in the event of the parties not agreeing the stakeholder shall be authorized to appoint one. The umpire shall have entire jurisdiction over the race from start to finish, and his decision shall be final, and subject to no appeal at law or otherwise. Either party failing to comply with any of these conditions shall forfeit all money down in the hands of the stakeholder. In the event of fog, ice, or excessively rough water, the umpire is empowered to postpone the race from day to day. Messrs. W. J. Innes and W. E. Fuller subscribe their names as witnesses.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

E. R., New York.—8 feet 5 1/2 inches.

H. L., Sixth Ward, New York.—11 minutes.

J. P., Farmer City, Ill.—The side with the shield is the head.

A. C., Boston, Mass.—Jack Dempsey was never defeated. 1. No.

C. H., Baltimore, Md.—L. E. Myers is a professional and B wins.

E. A., Pine River, Col.—A strike at ten pins is when all pins are felled.

L. M., Utica, N. Y.—John Morrissey stood 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height.

G. P., Racine, Wis.—Sam Hague was born in Sheffield, Eng., in 1829.

N. P., Marver, Iowa.—The course from Putney to Mortlake is 4 1/2 miles.

C. S., Chicago, Ill.—Send to this office for the "Sporting Man's Companion."

D. B., Brisbane.—Hammer Lane was beaten by Yankee Sullivan on Feb. 2, 1881.

G. W., Silverwood, O.—Gen. George B. McClellan was removed on Nov. 4, 1862.

A. Sunachman, Newburyport, Mass.—A lost and the judges should have so decided.

A. N., Chico, Cal.—Dick Collins and Joe West fought near London, Eng. on July 15, 1863.

G. F., St. Louis, Mo.—The distance of the Derby course of Epsom, Eng., is one mile and a half.

J., Belov, Col.—John C. Heenan and Sam Hurst, the "Staly-bridge Infant," never fought.

M. W., Stott Bar.—The Arizona, of the Gulep Has, crossed the Atlantic in 7 days 23 hours 15 minutes.

B. O., Kellyville.—1. Haula; did issue such a challenge. 2. The longest standing jump is 14 feet 5 1/2 inches.

C. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Motion is the champion dog dancer. 2. A straight flush is the highest hand at poker.

PAROLE, San Diego.—Read the Police Gazette regularly. It is the best paper published to keep you thoroughly posted.

P. O., Jackson, Miss.—Billy Madden was born at Marylebone, Eng. 2. The left arm and left leg is the correct position.

S. A., Chicago, Ill.—We recently published Con Tobin's record. Send 10 cents and we will mail you a copy of the Police Gazette.

D. W.—James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Harry Kelly won the championship of the world on the Tyne, Eng., on July 4, 1868.

W. R., Boston, Mass.—A 150-yard foot handicap at Philadelphia Oct. 25, resulted in the final success of G. J. Canavanham in 12 1/4 seconds.

J. P. C., Sea Side, Staten Island.—The Dublin Tricks, who fought Mike McCool, proper name was William White not William Hastings.

W. N. E., Long Branch.—Peter Morris, the English pugilist, fought ten times in the ring, winning nine and making a draw of the tenth.

P. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—Kentucky and Aldebaran ran their great two-mile heat race on Sept. 17, 1864, at Paterson, N. J. 2. Kentucky won.

R. E., Chicago, Ill.—1. George Holden and Frank White fought with hard gloves for a purse in May, 1862, at Boston, Mass. 2. Holden won.

A. C., Stendal, Ind.—Capt. T. Crapo and his left hand Ned Bedford, Mass., for England in a small boat, 30 feet long, on May 28, 1877. 2. No.

L. H., Ann Webster City, Ia.—The Jap and Ryan Lewis wrestled two matches, both in Chicago. In the second match the Jap had one of his legs dislocated.

M. M., Fort Adams, R. I.—1. Tom Kelly and Bill Brown, the English pugilists, did not fight on July 22, 1868. They were in the ring but could not agree upon a referee. 2. No.

A. C., Denver, Col.—The great fire at Chicago began about 5:30 P. M. on Oct. 8, 1871, and lasted until Oct. 10. At 3 A. M. eighteen buildings were destroyed, representing \$200,000,000.

L. K., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. Jim Mac is still living. 2. He beat Tom King in 43 rounds on Jan. 28, 1862, and was beaten in turn by King on Nov. 26, 1862, in 18 rounds, lasting 33 minutes.

H. J. D., Harrisburg, Pa.—The fastest time on record for 12 hours go-as-you-please is 85 miles 4 laps, made on a track 14 laps to a mile, at Columbia Rink, Boston, Mass., on November 1, 1866.

R. P., Cincinnati, O.—1. You made a mistake, for it was on Aug. 31, 1867, that Mike McCool defeated Aaron Jones at Barnes-bark's Station, Ohio. 2. No. 3. Thirty-four rounds in 36 minutes.

D. D., Leadville, Col.—No; the fight between Tom Walling and Bryan Campbell did not take place, owing to the fact they could not agree on a referee. 2. Yes; both men were present on the day named for fighting, which was May 5, 1862.

C. E., Cleveland, O.—Harry Bassett was beaten by Longfellow at Long Branch, N. J. 2. Longfellow did break down in a race with Harry Bassett, but the race took place at Barnard's, N. Y. 3. A win.

E. P., Williamsburg, Col.—1. John Grady and Billy Kelly fought on May 7, 1867, at Guttenburg, N. J. 2. The battle ended in a draw, as the referee left the ring. 3. Eighteen rounds were fought in 3 hours 10 minutes. 4. No.

Q. R., Trenton, N. J.—1. Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton fought a duel on July 11, 1804. 2. The battle ground was at Weehawken, N. J. 3. Yes, Hamilton died 31 days after he was wounded.

S. W., Toledo, Ohio.—William Hanner, Yale '90, in a trial at the Yale athletic grounds, Oct. 23, is stated to have run two miles in 10 minutes 40 1/2 seconds, which is faster than the intercollegiate gate record.

P. O., Allentown, Pa.—1. David L. Dowd, of Springfield, Mass., on June 6, 1861, lifted 1,317 pounds, which is the best on record. 2. H. Penneck, at New York, on Dec. 13, 1870, elevated a dumb bell 8,431 times in 4 hours 31 minutes.

D. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Tom Allen beat Ross, Putney, Posh Price and Iles and was beaten by Fries and Bob Smith, and fought a draw with Joe Goss in England. 2. Charley Gallagher defeated Allen February, 1868, at St. Louis, Mo.

P. A., Hopewell, N. J.—We could not decide your query in regard to pigeon shooting unless you inform us what rules governed the sweep. If it was agreed that after the tie that the shot one who missed should retire then the one who missed the seventh bird lost.

D. W., New York.—Seven furlongs; Telle Doe, 4 years old, 105 pounds, at Washington, D. C., November 3, 1888, 1:27 1/4; Joe Cotton, 4 years, 106 pounds, at Sheephead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 30, 1886, 1:27 1/4; Rico, 4 years, 90 pounds, at Chicago, July 28, 1886, 1:27 1/4.

H. I., Cornish Station, Ohio.—1. Scotch snuff steeped in gin well rubbed in will soothe the vermin from your canine. Keep him muzzled until after the application is well dried in and been washed out with soap and water. 2. Harry Jennings, owner of Broome and Centre streets.

A. B. C., Harlem, N. Y.—1. Bob Way was born at Olney, N. Y. 2. Way jumped 12 feet 8 1/2 inches when he won the championship of Chicago on July 11, 1873. 3. No. 4. His best performance was at Binghamton, N. Y., when he was defeated by Ned Scarles of Sing Sing. Way covered 12 feet 11 1/2 inches; Scarles, 12 feet 1/2 inch.

Y. G., Lockport, N. Y.—Deaf Burke was champion of England after Jim Ward retired in 1831. 2. Burke defeated James Byrne for £200 (\$1,000) and the championship on May 29, 1863. 3. The battle lasted 3 hours 6 minutes. Byrne died from the terrible beating he received. Burke was tried for manslaughter and was acquitted.



"IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

HOW A YOUNG IDIOT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY TRIED, BUT FAILED, TO IMITATE
A HOKFORD WINE PARTY.



' WAS SHE A CRANK?

THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT MADE ON A PROHIBITION FANATIC AND TEMPERANCE
EDITOR BY MRS. JOHN DAY OF SHELBYVILLE, ILL.



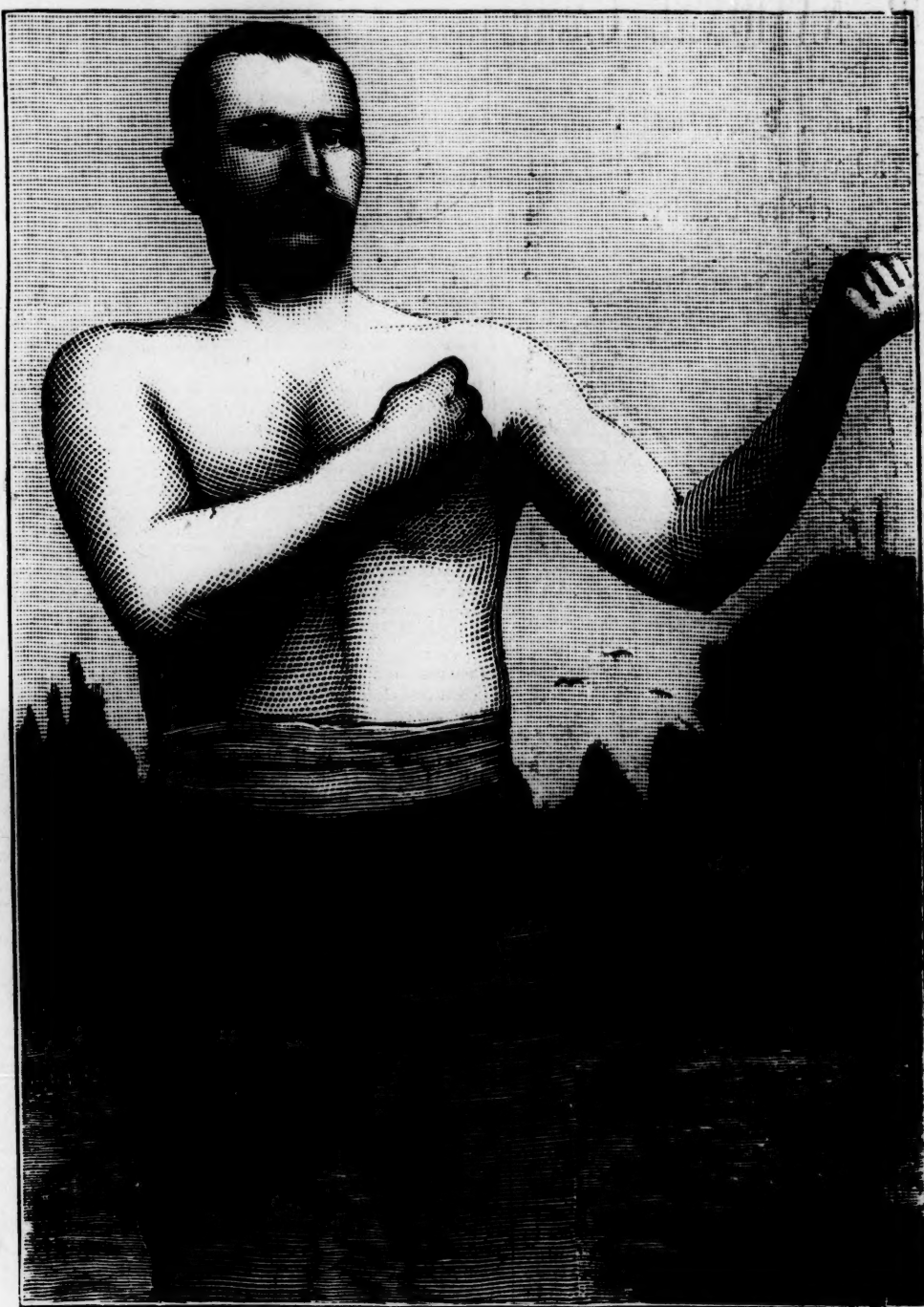
SAVING THE STIFF.

NOW, ACCORDING TO A WASHINGTON JOURNALIST, THE REMAINS OF A. T. STEWART WERE RESCUED FROM THE GHOULS WHO ORIGINALLY
STOLE THEM.



CAPTAIN JOHN GULLY,

THE GALLANT LIFE SAVING COMMANDER OF THE SANDY HOOK TUG, B. T. HAVILAND.



JOHN JOYCE,

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF LEETONIA, OHIO.



TWO FAMOUS RUNNERS,

PERRY WILCOX, AND HENRY BURMAN CHAMPION RUNNERS OF FREMONT, NEBRASKA, AND MEMBERS OF THE CLEVELAND HOSE TEAM.



AN EXCITING CONTEST.

THE RACE WHICH RECENTLY TOOK PLACE AT CALGARY, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, BETWEEN WHITE MEN AND INDIAN RUNNERS.



A CLOTHES ESCAPE.

HOW LIQUOR CRAZED MARY E. NEAGLE OF BRIGHTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., WAS PRESERVED FROM INSTANT DEATH.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



George Taylor.

The first manager of the Brooklyn Baseball Association, which concluded its inaugural field season on October, 1885, was this gentleman, who left the night editorial chair of a New York daily for the open air occupation incident to baseball management. The successful termination of the club's season, ending as it did with championship honors in the Inter-State Association, afforded ample evidence of the executive ability of the management, especially in view of the fact that the club had to encounter all the drawbacks of an inaugural year, and with but a limited command of material for its team. The fact that the management of the Brooklyn Club has made itself the most popular in the professional fraternity, alike with club managers and with players, shows that the club has been run on "business principles" in every respect; and in that has its profit found, for in seeking to act in the most upright manner in the club dealings with the public and with the fraternity they naturally promote their own financial interests. Mr. Taylor was born in New York city, Nov. 22, 1832. He was educated in the public schools up to 1855, and after three years of academic instructions, entered St. Francis Xavier's College, from which he graduated in 1857 with the B. A. degree, and a year afterward was awarded the degree of Master of Arts. It was then he began his journalistic career, to which he so closely confined himself as to render a change necessary for his health's sake, and hence his entrance upon the career of a professional club manager. Mr. Taylor has returned to journalism, but is still one of the proprietors of the Brooklyn Club.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained, is an old adage, but it is a good one. People have to take risks in any business in order to get ahead. Business enterprises are always admired, and certainly great credit is due the Athletic Club management for the venture they have just entered upon in taking the Athletic and Philadelphia clubs to Cuba for the winter. If the scheme is a failure they will all say that it was a foolhardy adventure, and will condemn Messrs. Mason, Sharpsig and Simmons most bitterly for their shortsightedness, and pride themselves for their big heads in not being so reckless as to venture on such a disastrous tour. But if it proves a financial success the very same men will be biting off their noses to spite their faces. Probably no man will be more thoroughly disgusted with himself than the great Manager Mutrie, of the New York Club, who has had this Cuban scheme in his nut for the past three or four seasons, and last spring, when he had an idea that the New Yorks would win the pennant with hands down, he planned a Southern trip, with the view of taking in Cuba. His idea was to take the club standing next nearest to the New Yorks with him and to play exhibition games in all of the Southern towns and to take in Cuba and return by the way of New Orleans. As everybody knows, the New Yorks were horses' rosettes in the League championship race, and in consequence thereof Manager Mutrie bottled his contemplated trip until some other year. His bottling, however, did not work, and to his great chagrin the Athletic management showed a trifle more energy and stole the march on the slumbering James. Lew Simmons had head enough to go down to Cuba and take in the situation. He is not a drinking man and he was not slow in rising up the place. Before leaving the Island he leased the grounds at Havana and made complete arrangements for the contemplated tour. Excellent judgment was also used in the selection of players, as the men who they have taken with them are all players of good habits and men who will prove themselves a credit to the baseball arena. Mike Kelly is in a bad humor over that world's championship series between the Chicago and St. Louis Browns. It did not end the right way and to tell the truth Mike is real mad. He does nothing but shoot off his mouth from morning till night about chumps and monkey business and his working until his tongue hung out while the rest of the men played like a lot of stuffs. The fact is that Mike not only lost the chance of getting \$500 in the divvy, but had \$375 deducted from his salary by President Spalding in the shape of fines. It was pretty good beer, but that seems like an outrageous price to pay for it. Big, good-natured McCormick is now seriously thinking of retiring from the arena on account, as he claims, of having been taken in and done by the tricky Spalding. McCormick's salary was to have been three thousand dollars, but in order to evade the salary limit rule the agreement was that he should sign a two thousand dollar contract and that he was to receive the other thousand in the shape of presents for meritorious services from time to time during the

season. Evidently McCormick did not do any meritorious work for he never saw hide nor hair of the extra thousand dollars. In fact he did not even get his two thousand, as Spalding deducted \$375 from his pay in fines, which left Mac but \$1,625 for his season's work. Strange as it may seem he feels a trifle sore as he feels that the \$1,375 he was skinned out of would have kept him from eating snowballs this winter. Who is this man Fulton who writes for a Philadelphia paper? He is certainly a great friend of the Brooklyn Club, and especially of Mr. Charley Byrne, whom he takes excellent care of. In fact it would be a difficult matter for Mr. Byrne to blow his own horn any better than Fulton is doing it for him. It would probably be unkind to say or even intimate that Mr. Byrne and Fulton are one and the same person, as that would be giving Mr. Byrne a pretty black eye. No, no, we won't say that, it is too cruel. We will only say it looks that way and sounds that way. Phenomenal Smith, blind as a bat, has signed a regular American Association contract with the Baltimore Club. Burns will no doubt follow suit, as he has already said that he will play in Baltimore or not at all. It is our opinion that he will play in New York or not at all. There will certainly be a big fight in the spring between the New York and Baltimore clubs over these men and Mr. Day says he will enjoy them in every State in the Union if they attempt to play with the Baltimores. We will doubtless have a pretty lively time next season when they commence playing baseball in the Court rooms. The League feel their superiority over the Association, but, nevertheless, the latter organization is composed of practical men and the haughty Leaguers are compelled to fall in line and finally adopt the changes made from time to time by the younger organizations. Poor Taylor is now dubbed "his shmies." He has retired from the baseball arena and is going to go in business for himself in Philadelphia. It is thought that either the Pittsburgh or Cincinnati club will jump the Association and take the place of the Kansas City club in the League. Burns is still monkeying around with the Newark club trying to work his reinstatement, but the Newarks are on the make and they are holding off for more money. Barnie feels confident that he will get there next season. Portland got off easy this year as through the able management of Harry Spencer they only came out one hundred dollars behind on the entire season. If there is not some pretty lively work done at the annual meetings of the National League and American Association this winter it will be something of a surprise. Phenomenal Smith is like the Irishman's flea, just when you think you have him he is gone. Johnny Ward went into Joe Gerhardt's saloon the other morning. Tom Deasley was sitting there looking like an old back fence cat that had been out all night. "Hello, Tom," said Johnny, "will you have a drink?" "Well, will I," said Tom; "why I have been waiting here for two hours for some one to come along and ask me to take a drink." "Is that so," said Johnny. "Can't you hang them up here?" "Hang them up? Why, I am lucky when they let me inside the door. If my tongue was hanging out that far," said Tom, measuring off two-thirds of his hand, and turning around to the bartender, "Yes, that far, you would not trust me for a drink." Hard times are beginning to close in on the ball players, even at this early stage of the winter, before the snow has commenced to fall. Bob Ferguson has been working quietly, but getting there all the same. The Metropolitan will, no doubt, be one of the strongest clubs in the American Association next season. He has engaged some dandy young players. The following letter was received by us last June from an ardent admirer of the New Yorks: "What do you think of Capt. Anson's baby now? You New Yorkers brag so much about your dandied old team and call them the giants and a lot of other pet names. Why the devil don't they play ball and not brag so much? All New York is only one big wind bag, anyhow. It must be very small giants they brag in New York, when they can let Chicago's babies beat them three straight games on their own ground. Oh, what a nine! Wait until they come to Chicago and get done up for three more, then I think they will be such small giants that we can put them in an envelope and send them back to you. Well-by-by, giants, from yours respectfully, Chicago Baby. Hurrah for Chicago. The New Yorks will get the pennant when the pigs commence to fly. Chicago B." Mike Kelly's parrot is one of the wonders of the age, but it is a difficult matter to tell which is the greatest character—Mike or the parrot. The ball players' union will no doubt be something like the trades unions, each man will be afraid to trust the other. The players like the snails have gone into their holes for the winter. The following is the first verse of a poem started by a young man in Chicago, who he headed "For the world's championship," an ode to poor old St. Louis. The second verse was never written, owing to the fact of the writer having been a little previous with the first verse:

St. Louis came down like a wolf on the fold.
And their pockets were filled up with greenbacks and gold.
They told us gr at tales, amid smiles and frowns;
They bet all their greenbacks, and swore by the Browns;

But a basket of goose-eggs they got for their share,
For Williamson, Kelly, and Anson were there.
Three-baggers, two-baggers, and Latham, take care;
For the Browns may play ball in a country town well,
But the Kings of the League you'll find, Latham, are well.

The young man is now very tired and is in deep mourning for the Chicago boys who died in St. Louis last week. If the young man ever recovers and has any time to spare we will ask him to write a few more verses, as we would like to hear more about Williamson, Kelly and Anson being there. The first game of the Chicago series of base ball between the Chicago National League champions and the St. Louis champions of the American Association was a disappointment to many of the spectators in the particular that it demonstrated that the St. Louis club, while it is undoubtedly competent to contest with the clubs of such towns as Louisville and Pittsburg, is entirely outclassed when it presumes to try conclusions with the champions of the National League. If the exhibition recently may be accepted as a criterion, we feel warranted in saying that there are 4 clubs in the National League that play better ball than the champions of the American Association. Chicago Exchange.

The jackasses are not all dead yet.

Some ball players are too lazy to live.

Dave Foutz won a snug little boodle by backing up St. Louis against Chicago.

The directors' boots gave Jim Hart such a raise that he landed on the outside of the arena.

Modest Mike Scanlon is easily satisfied. He only wants Radbourne and Daily for Hines.

It is simply wonderful to see the style in which these young players are bundling the old "uns."

All some of the ball tossers seem to think of is to get enough of money together to start a rum shop.

The dude Esterbrook will make the one mistake of his life if he fails to sign with the Metropolitan.

Nothing in the world swells a ball player's head so quick as to have two or three managers looking for him.

Watkins met with great success last season, but it is dollars to cents that he will be a horse's rosette next season.

Kilroy struck out five men in succession, and has been going around ever since with his bat hanging on his ear.

How did the last game strike you? Four out of six looks as though St. Louis can play from fair to middling with League clubs.

Columns were wasted upon the world's championship series in Chicago, but the nonsense was knocked out of their heads in St. Louis.

SPITFIRE.

ATTACKED BY AN INSANE FRIEND.

Thomas Cooper, an engineer, was attacked on Third street, Winona, Minn., the night of Nov. 6, by a man who sprang upon him from behind and struck him three heavy blows with a club. Mr. Cooper threw up the only arm he has to protect his head and caught one blow thereon, the other two cutting and bruising his head badly and felling him to the ground. Investigation shows that the assault was probably the work of an insane man. Marshal Eastey a day or two ago received a telegram from Brooklyn, N. Y., warning him that John Engeman, who lived in Winona prior to April, 1884, had become deranged and left for Winona Monday. He had previously talked of injuring Dr. Pierce and Thomas Cooper. Marshal Eastey at once notified these gentlemen, but they scouted the idea. Engeman is well known in Winona, where he lived or many years. In 1884 his brother left him property in Brooklyn worth \$40,000, and he removed there. Dr. Pierce and Tom Cooper were his warm friends, Dr. Pierce being his business as well as his medical adviser. Marshal Eastey scoured the city for Engeman, but no trace of him has yet been found.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8, 1886.
We have had to "sit up nights" for the last three weeks, filling orders, nine-tenths of which mentioned POLICE GAZETTE. Your paper beats them all as an advertising medium.

PARK CITY PUB. CO.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1886.
In sending our former copy we made only a trial advertisement, and must say that the results are far beyond our expectation.

TROJAN CHEMICAL CO.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their copy does not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.
Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.
Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.
James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Cupid's Crime; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.
Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous imposters.
Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes.
Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris.
Heaven Chinese. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.
Guileau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.
Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guileau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.
Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.
Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.
Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.
Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.
Mabelle Unmasked; or the Wickedest Place in the World.
Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.
Boycotting. Avenge Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish rebellion.
Suicide's Cranks; or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.
Life of Jem Mace, ex-Champion of England.
John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman.
John C. Heenan, with all his Battles.
The Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England.
Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Garsman.
Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.
Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DRAF.
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED DISHONORED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCUX, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We can not undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

1886-'87.

The annual Holiday Number of the POLICE GAZETTE will this year embrace the usual 16-page paper, to which will be added a characteristic

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a full-page illustration of the American Athletic Champions, as well as illustrations of the most striking and sensational events of the year, together with several stories specially prepared by the most celebrated story writers of the period, making it one of the greatest issues in the history of American illustrated Journalism.

This number, 481, OF DEC. 4, 1886, will be issued to the trade on Friday, Nov. 23, and will be the paper of papers to place your

HOLIDAY ADVERTISEMENTS

In which will be received up to TUESDAY, AT 3 P. M., NOV. 23, next, affording ample time to distribute the immense edition which circulates from Maine to Mexico, and in all foreign lands where the English language is spoken.
Do not fail to forward an order and see what sort of a salesman the POLICE GAZETTE proves to be.

No extra charge for this number.
For Advertising Rates

Address RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York City.

FOUND
AT
LAST

An Electric Light in every house.
Greatest Discovery of the Age.
Sells like wildfire. Samples, Terms and exclusive Agency, 25 cents.
Phoenix Electric Co., P. O. Box 1306, Philadelphia, Pa.

KANSAS DETECTIVE BUREAU,
Wichita, Kansas.
Incorporated. Want members everywhere.
Particulars 10 cents, stamps.

Wiley's Magic Ink vanishes 2 to 4 weeks after using. Cannot be restored by chemicals. Circular for 2c stamp. TROJAN CHEMICAL CO., Troy, N. Y.

DRY GOODS.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR!

Lace trimmed a specialty: newest styles, lowest prices.
Fall and Winter Illustrated Catalogue sent free.
MAHLEN BROS., 505 6th Ave., New York.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.
A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the POLICE GAZETTE where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.
RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York

WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man, profitable employment to woman needing county, salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars free.
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free.
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$75 a week. No peddling or canvassing.
Box 4, Islip, L. I.

Agents can make \$1 an hour. New Goods. Samples and terms free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Face, Hands, Feet, and all their imperfections and treatment, including facial development. Dr. J. Woodbury, 87 Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Send 10c. for Book.

HEAVY MUSTACHE in 30 days guaranteed. Send 30c to L. HENRY, 355 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.



SCARED BY A SPOOK.

JOHN MURRAY AND HIS HOUSEHOLD, AT SANDWICH, MASS., ARE FRIGHTENED OUT OF THEIR WITS AND DRIVEN FROM HOME BY A FEMALE GHOST.